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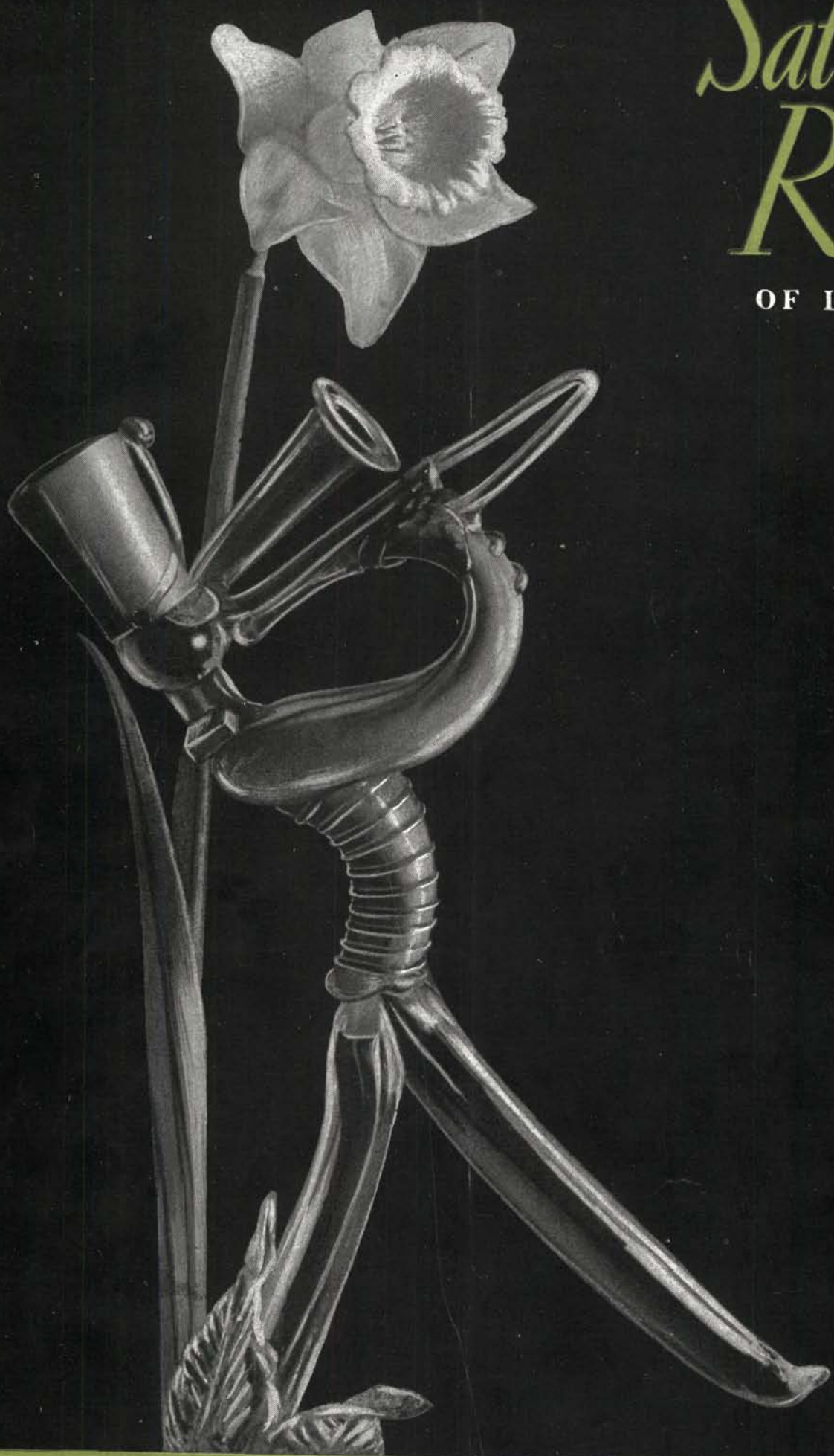

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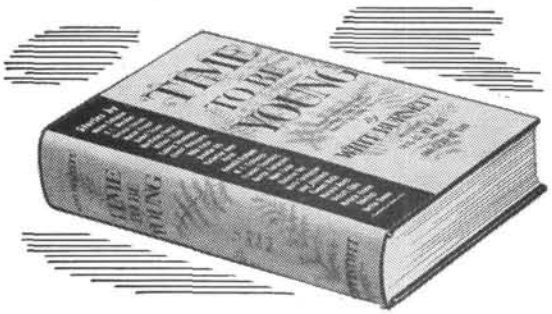

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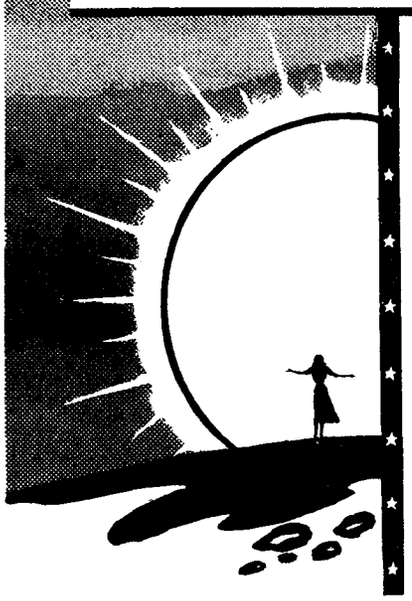

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Praise Him all creatures...

JUST ABOUT two hundred years ago—in 1756 to be exact—a crazy, drunken, unmanageable little man was led away to an English Bedlam, or madhouse. Most of his acquaintances agreed that it was desirable to put him out of circulation. One of his friends, Thomas Gray, had predicted years before that "all this . . . must come to a Jayl or Bedlam", the "all this" being a combination of debts, liquor, a penchant for fantastic and unproduceable comedies, and a habit of falling on his knees in the public street to pray. Of this last foible another of the little man's friends, a certain Dr. Johnson, took a tolerant view: "I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it myself."

But Samuel Johnson's broadness of mind was not the common view. Christopher Smart was a disappointment. His gift for poetry seemed to express itself only in drinking songs, and his inability to earn any kind of steady money led his wife to the brink of despair and the poet himself into signing one of the most iniquitous contracts in the history of publishing. It was almost literally a choice between the madhouse and the jail, and the asylum to which they finally took Kit Smart had the luxury of light and air.

That, normally, would have been that. One more very minor poet lost to an age oversupplied with them already. One steady customer lost to the publicans, but a customer who seldom paid his bill. One career of great potential brilliance closed in tragedy and some shame . . .

Only it did not work out quite that way. Seven years later the little man was out of the asylum, at least partially cured, and with his release, publishing one of the great lyric odes in all the English language—*A Song to David*. He died too soon to learn how permanent a part of our literature that triumphant, beautiful masterpiece was to become, and by the time its greatness was realized, critics and scholars were quite unable to account for its authorship. Nothing in the voluminous literary remains of Kit Smart—for the most part jingles, hack essays, and thoroughly second-rate work—seemed to explain how he had come to do his great lyric hymn. Indeed, knowing that Smart had spent most of the latter part of his life in a madhouse, the early critics of the *Song* spoke of it as the work of a mad mind.

Almost two centuries later one of those things happened which are still possible in the field of literary research and which lift it occasionally from the level of technical scholarship to the plane of adventure and discovery. An English man of letters, W. Force Stead, found in a friend's library a dogeared and faded manuscript in the—to him—unmistakable handwriting of Christopher Smart. The manuscript was called REJOICE IN THE LAMB: *A Song from Bedlam*. Upon inquiry he learned that some of the worn appearance of the manuscript was apparently due to its having been showed to William Cowper during the period of his insanity, apparently to encourage Cowper to believe that other poets had been even madder than he then was . . .

Mr. Stead secured a publisher in Britain for the manuscript, and the British publisher in turn offered the American rights to us. We showed the galleys to several of our best friends among American poets; they acclaimed it with delight and urged us to publish. We did, some years ago, with genuine enthusiasm and even advertising. The sale since 1939 has now reached the amazing total of 324 copies. Of this number, 323 were in the normal course of business—if business is ever normal. But the 324th copy was something special. Some years ago one of our editors wrote an article for this magazine. The article was about the pleasures of poetry publishing, and some of the story of REJOICE IN THE LAMB was told in that article. Promptly we received a letter, (and only one) enclosing a check for $4, the price of the book. We were, of course, glad to have the check, but the signature on it was what mattered more. It read, simply but impressively: *Louis Untermeyer.*

Christopher Smart's book is still sheer delight to read. It is prodigal of colors and sounds, smells and sights, and exuberant in a kind of praise and joy which our own age has very often forgotten. Mad or not, its author was filled with the wonder and glory of creation, drunk with its multiplicity, strangeness and intricate relationship of each part to the other. It is a canticle of praise to be read in the springtime, a hymn of thanksgiving for the rich and wonderful world in which he lived, and in which we, too, live with too few Christopher Smarts to open our eyes to it. REJOICE IN THE LAMB cannot be described in its whole, since it exists for the sake of its parts, but one of our favorite passages is the one in which Smart describes the awakening of his cat, Jeoffry, who shared his cell with him. There is space only for a small excerpt from it here:

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry.

For he is the servant of the Living God, duly and daily serving him.

For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.

For is this done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.

For then he leaps up to catch the musk, wch is the blessing of God upon his prayer.

For he rolls upon prank to work it in.

For having done duty and received blessing he begins to consider himself.

For this he performs in ten degrees.

For first he looks upon his fore-paws to see if they are clean . . .

For in his morning orisons he loves the sun and the sun loves him.

For he is of the tribe of Tiger . . .

For every house is incompleat without him & a blessing is lacking in the spirit.

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Rejoice IN THE *Lamb*

A SONG FROM BEDLAM

by Christopher Smart

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What Do You Know About La-Haye-du-Puits?

IRA WOLFERT

AT one time, during the fighting in Normandy last July, we came to a ridge that lay across the countryside like some vast animal. This was while going down the N800 road from St. Sauveur le Vicomte. The country there frolics up and down with easy grace. Then there is a valley so wide it hardly seems a valley at all and you can see the ridge at the end of it from a long way off with the road laid across it like a bone and having the deep gray mottle of an old bone in the rain.

The military traffic was heavy going up to within light artillery range of the ridge. Then it stopped and the road emptied and became silent and desolate. Yes, that's what the traffic seemed to do, just stop. Although what was happening was that everybody was getting off the road and hiding in the fields, hiding closer and closer to the ridge until at last no man's land began and then traffic actually stopped, stopped dead, with only the dead up forward of there and, beyond our dead, the Germans.

I don't know what there was about that ridge. There are higher ridges in France and steeper ones. Perhaps it was the energy with which it thrust itself upward from the landscape. Anyway, it was one of the few places in the world where I was able really to understand that land is only a flesh stretched over a powerful animal earth. The top of the ridge is lumpy like a spine and the side of the ridge toward us, the northern side, is like the belly of the animal, swollen and rolling down and hairy with grass. The valley grows a crop of farms all across it and along the side of the ridge. There are houses there, barns and hedges—the brambly, muscular, fatal hedges of Normandy—and trees and fields full of food, all widely spaced by meadows full of fodder. But from the distance at which it was safe—or, anyway, safer—to look at the ridge, these evidences of life looked small and seemed struck into the ridge like tangles of matter in a rough hide.

The fight for the ridge was hard. It began in the morning of a gray, moist day. The war correspondents who were there had a panoramic view, but there was nothing actually to see. The German guns were placed in back of the ridge and our artillery was throwing shells there. We could hear that and see the smoke of hits rising from behind the ridge in slow gray curls. German soldiers were dug into clumps of trees and the hedges, and our men crawled invisibly among them, firing back when fired upon and moving generally forward. The soldiers themselves could see very little of the battle they were fighting—not enough to write home about. They would hear a machine gun coming at them from trees and they would lie flat against whatever cover there was and try to spot smoke or muzzle flash or a chatter of movement among leaves. Then they would fire at whatever it was they saw until the machine gun stopped firing at them. They would keep firing until some one of them crawled close enough to throw grenades. After the grenades were thrown, they would move forward again.

I did not go into that fight. I stayed on the edge of it. But I have been in others like it and, for the purposes of a writer, they are all the same and always have been and always will be. When you are in a fight like that, the first thing you notice is how silent everybody becomes and how old everybody looks and marrowless and without juice. Each man has his own way of talking when there is fear in him. In some the voice takes on something almost like a giggle. With others, the voice becomes high and childlike. With still others, the voice dribbles out naggingly slow. Some battle to make their voices easy and you can hear the quaver of their effort and in some the voice thickens until it becomes like meat smacked. But whatever the sound, the meaning is clear—fear, controlled and flinging itself ceaselessly against the control.

EARLY in the war, during the Guadalcanal days when I felt brave and not even psychology held any terrors for me, I wrote this:

> . . . a part of the mind seems to run away during battle and keeps try-

—Yank *drawing by Sgt. Howard Brodie*

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ing to make the rest of the mind run away with it. The conscious mind, which is the part of the mind that knows all the things it has been taught, wants to stay and do the job it's supposed to do, and this other part of the mind, the subconscious part, doesn't want to know from nothing, and just wants to get the hell away from there. The subconscious mind can't go off all by itself. It has to take you along with it. And, to a fellow in this position, particularly when the battle is long and the struggle in himself is prolonged, it actually feels as if the subconscious mind is laying rough hands on the rest of him and pulling, hauling, and screaming at him. And I know in my own case whenever I have been in action there has always been this uproar in my head, this steady, wild-eyed, wild-haired screaming, making it very difficult to think about the work I had to do there. But our fellows, filled inside with this demented uproar and hemmed in all around outside by the uproar of battle, just stay there and do the work they have to do.

I don't feel brave any longer, but I'll stand on that. The "demented uproar" is always there and it was in the valley that morning with the troops and it travelled up the ridge with them and there were other things there, a whole welter of things—lives ending, bodies tearing, minds breaking, and contest and conflict and terror and brains erupting with mutiny. Do you know what that is like? The brain itself seems to retch and then vomit. That was there, and there were duels and success in them or failure in them, "Get the bastards" and "the bastards got me," and Jesus was prayed to and mama was cried to and men ran on shaking legs and crawled on trembling bodies.

BUT I and, as nearly as I can remember, the other war correspondents stayed on the edge of the fight, watching the valley and the ridge at the end of it. The fight did not change the face of either. The ridge lay stolidly across my eyes, awful as an animal twenty miles long, and the emptied road lay across it like an old bone. When the troops gained the top of the ridge, the German artillery behind it packed up and retreated and our traffic came out of the fields and began to move along the road. There were 600 who could no longer move with the traffic, but the war correspondents did.

The road past the ridge went down a long rather gradual slope and under a viaduct and then tilted up a little to go into the town of La-Haye-du-Puits. There was a railroad station near the viaduct. The Germans would not—or could not—get out of there, so our troops knocked the building down on them and some of the dead became visible, crumpled and chalky with dust, looking as if they had never been alive, but were just sacks that had spilled off something and had broken in odd places.

Past the viaduct, the road became the main street of the town. It ran straight for quite a way, as I remember, perhaps half a mile and then, where the City Hall lay across it, it made a sharp left turn into a sort of triangular square. The City Hall was a small oblong building, broken in at the front by shellfire, but with its chimney—an inordinately high one, I recall, running up the back of it—intact. There was a German machine gun in the chimney. It commanded

every inch of main street and it took a long time and quite a few casualties for one of our troops, working up the street, to think that perhaps the chimney was where the machine gun might be. I never did find out who this man was, but while everybody else was firing at everything else he took a chance and let a rifle grenade go at the chimney. The machine gun stopped abruptly and never started up again, but it was not until we got up to the City Hall and could actually see the snout of the gun protruding that we were sure that was where the gun had been firing from.

For some reason—I am not yet quite sure why—this German in a chimney caught my mind and held it a long time. It seemed a wild and precarious thing to do, to sit up in the air at the end of a town's main street and methodically kill the men walking towards you, knowing that discovery was only a matter of a little time and that discovery would end the thing for you, but using the little time you had without haste and without waste, unnervously and methodically and certainly. I spent some time searching for the man's body. I was curious to see what he looked like. But I never found him. I found instead only the tracks of his escape. There was plenty of dust and the footprints told a story plainly. Evidently he had removed his shoes and socks to climb up and down the chimney better. It made the sureness and calm of his shooting seem even wilder to me. It is so hard to run barefoot across the rubble and glass of a broken town. But apparently the man had decided he would not need to run. When the grenade had hit the chimney, he had climbed down, taken up his shoes and had gone behind a wall and had sat on some stones there, putting on his socks and shoes while our troops, shooting steadily, had advanced on him. Then he had walked off. I could not tell where. His tracks were lost in rubble. I wondered if he had dusted off his feet before putting on his socks.

While I was still poking around among the footprints and reading the story of them, rifle firing burst out to the right of me, a lot of it, steady and hot and prolonged, and a grenade went off with a tearing crack and a voice began screaming to "Let them come out." A German rifle squad had been found holding out in a shoe store, I remember, with all sorts of wooden shoes piled up around them and three of them had been killed and now the rest of them were marched along with the shuffling clump-clump of booted Huns. They went single file, hands clasped behind head, up the main street and through the triangular square and then along to the edge of town, to a dirt road there where Intelligence had set up an office alongside some hedges.

I WENT with them. War correspondents like to hang around Intelligence when there is nothing particular to see and there were quite a few of them, six or nine or so, up and down this dirt road along with a whole company of tanks waiting for orders where to go next. It was late in the afternoon now. From the end of the dirt road, I could see out across our "lines" to where the Germans had retreated. There was another valley there, this time a quite narrow one, and at the end of it another ridge, a small, almost gentle one. The Germans had got their guns into positions behind this ridge and had observation from the top of the ridge and now we began to hear from them.

They were firing those things some soldiers call "tree-bursts" and others call "time-bursts." These are anti-personnel shells, designed to kill people rather than destroy material. They are timed to explode at tree-top level, about twenty feet off the ground, and they shower their fragments downward. The fragments come right into your foxhole with you and kill you there. The only protection is to have something over your body heavy enough to make the fragments bounce. I don't like "tree-bursts" but, when there is shelling going on, I don't like

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"Pfc. Oliver Poythress dodges a dud."
"A doggie going down as a barrage of 88s bursts around us."
"I saw a man floating in the black smoke of an exploding mine."
"I saw a GI in his hole, slumped in his last living position."

These illustrations (and the one on page 9) were drawn by Sgt. Howard Brodie for Yank, The Army Weekly, *of which he is staff artist. Brodie spent four days of action with K Company of the 406th Infantry in the 102nd Division when it was assigned to spearhead an assault near the Roer River. These pencil sketches and captions tell his story.*

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to have overhead cover either. Because when your cover is knocked down on you, you are crushed and done. You don't have any chance to live.

IN a few moments, it became clear that the Germans were groping for the road we were on. The soldiers had to stay, but I became restless. I asked Intelligence for "the pitch" as we call it. Intelligence was very tired and dirty. He was sitting against the hedge with a map in his lap on which he was making hieroglyphics and when a "tree-burst" went off, he'd stare a moment at the ragged little puff of black smoke, calculating how far off it was and where the next one might go, and then listen a moment for screaming and then go back to his map.

"Do you want it fast?" he asked.

Then there was another "tree-burst" and we both stared at it and both listened for screaming.

"They're working west," he said. I knew he meant the "tree-bursts." "There's about eighteen yards between them. After the next one, I'm going to move my office under that tank there."

The tank hatches were all buttoned up and the tank commanders were huddled down low in the turrets.

"I'm in no hurry," I said.

"Well, that's good." He knew I was lying and he grinned at me and I knew he knew I was lying and I tried to grin away the shame I felt. "The old man walked into a machine gun about a half hour ago. Things are kind of mixed up for the moment."

The "old man" was the commanding officer. "Is he dead?" I asked.

"Deader than hell."

Another "tree-burst" came. It seemed very close to me and a fragment clipped whistling through the hedge, about ten yards from us. There was screaming now, loud and wild as a horse's, and I looked down the road to where it was coming from, but all I could see was a shrunken, old-seeming, juiceless soldier raised up on one knee in the road, waving one hand and calling "Medic" in a thick voice. Intelligence stood up slowly. He gathered his maps and papers into a pile as neat as a lawyer's.

"There's no use your staying around," he said. "My guess is, we'll stay here tonight and then move in the morning. You can see the country out there for yourself. It's just more of the same and that's what tomorrow will be—more of the same."

"Thanks."

Intelligence started in a tired way to crawl under the tank. "I haven't even got a goddam telephone yet," he said, "and I don't know where the hell anybody is."

The screaming had subsided to a gurgling moan. There were some litter bearers coming up the road in a hurry. The soldier was still on one knee waving them on. I could see his face very clearly. There was no sorrow in it, just the sucked-out look of the exhaustion that comes with age or battle.

"Get down," screamed Intelligence from his crouched position. "Get under something. Wait for the next one."

The litter bearers and the soldier got off the road and disappeared alongside the hedge. I lay down in the road under the rear of the tank. There was plenty of time to wait. I could think of all the right things to do. I laid my ankles flat against the earth and lifted my chin up a little so that concussion would not break any teeth or my jaw and put my hands over my eyes to keep fragments out of them.

After I had thought of everything possible, there was still time to wait and I thought suddenly of how sorrow comes when you're on a battlefield. Fear puts a dry, somewhat acrid taste in the mouth. But sorrow, that first, wringing pang you feel when you see someone intimate to you hit, puts a sick taste over it, a kind of meaty and sick taste. It rolls over the dry fear in your mouth like smoke and you feel wild and as if your heart has burst and your mouth is filling with the smoke of its bursting.

The "tree-burst" came finally. It was a long way off. I got up. Intelligence stood up, too, and the littter bearers. The soldier who had signalled them didn't. Perhaps he was too tired and was just lying quiet tasting his sorrow. I dusted off my uniform.

"Well," I said, "I've got to get back and write a story. See you tomorrow."

"I hope so," Intelligence said.

He meant he hoped he would remain alive until tomorrow. I went away without looking at him again. I was too ashamed even to say goodbye.

The tanks were about twenty feet apart on that road. There was a war correspondent running from one to the other of them. "Is there anybody here from Iowa?" he asked, seeking someone his readers would be interested in learning about, and got no answer and ran to the next tank. He ran very fast. Some of his companions, with whom he was sharing a jeep, were calling to him for Christ sake to hurry up and come and he stopped at each tank as he went toward them and asked, "Hey, fellows, is there anybody here from Iowa?"

The pressure on him was very great. But he stuck to his job. You could see how great his desire was to get out of there when, finally, he found a boy who admitted he was from Iowa. The boy was puzzled and suspicious. "I'm from Sioux City," he said.

"Great!" cried the correspondent. "Wonderful! Magnificent!" I remember distinctly the exact words and the tone in which they were uttered—the tone of that kind of pleasure with which one greets a remarkable achievement by a loved one.

I went past him and found my jeep. The colleagues with whom I was sharing it were not there. I had to wait for them a long time. The evening rose up very quietly from the earth into the sky. An occasional shell fell into the town or along the road we would have to travel. There were sounds of digging all around as the soldiers made their beds for the night. A patrol was being assembled to spend the night behind the enemy lines. "I could go with them," I thought. "I could spend the night being afraid with them rather than being ashamed with myself." But I did not move. The thought held me only as the thought of jumping out of a high window holds you when you are near the sill. I knew it would be far easier for me to live with my shame than to live with the patrol.

When my colleagues returned, we drove swiftly out of the town and down under the viaduct and up the slope and down past the animal ridge and across the valley. The road there was full of ambulances turned in our direction on which the wounded were being loaded, and trucks on which the dead were being loaded. We cut recklessly in and out of line. We had no reason to hurry. We all just felt glad to be getting back, getting away, escaping, and I remember I wasn't ashamed anymore, just glad.

I REALIZE I am writing for an audience interested in writing, and I come now to the point for which this story has been intended. The point is, what sort of story was written by the war correspondents about the events of this very average day of war? Were the stories true? Were the facts related accurately? Did the people back home discover from their news-

(*Continued on page* 71)

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William Faulkner Revisited

MALCOLM COWLEY

—*SRL drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield*
William Faulkner

READING William Faulkner's books a second time, one after the other, you come to feel that he deserves a much more important place in American literature than almost any of his critics have been willing to grant. You form an utterly new judgment of his aims, his shortcomings, and his achievements as a novelist. You find yourself greatly admiring his later work, which has not been widely read. Then, going back toward the beginning, you picture him in Oxford, Mississippi, after his service as a pilot in the First World War was over.

In those days he was home again and not at home, or at least not willing to accept the post-war world. He was writing poems, most of them worthless and immature but violent and effective stories, while at the same time he was brooding over his own situation and the decline of the South. Slowly the brooding thoughts arranged themselves into the whole interrelated pattern that would be presented in his later novels. This pattern, which his critics almost always overlook, was based on what he saw at Oxford or remembered from his childhood; on scraps of family tradition from Civil War days; on kitchen dialogues between the black cook and her amiable husband; on Saturday-afternoon gossip from Courthouse Square; on stories told by men in overalls while a fruit-jar full of white corn liquor passed from hand to hand; on all the familiar sources—but the whole of it was elaborated, transformed, given convulsive life by his emotions; until, by the simple intensity of feeling, the figures in it became a little more than human, became heroic or diabolical, became symbols of the old South, of Reconstruction, of commerce and machinery destroying the standards of the past. There in Oxford Faulkner performed a labor of imagination that has not been equaled in our time, and a double labor: first, to invent a Mississippi county very much as children invent a mythical kingdom, but to work over it until it became lifelike and consistent in all its parts; second, to make the story of Yocknapatawpha County stand as a parable or legend of the Deep South as a whole.

For this double task, Faulkner was better equipped by talent and background than he was by his literary training. Indeed, he had less of a formal education than any other good writer of his time, except Hart Crane—less even than Hemingway, who never went to college, but who learned to speak three foreign languages and studied writing in Paris from the best masters. Faulkner taught himself, largely by reading. Among the authors either mentioned or echoed in his early stories and poems are Keats, Balzac, Flaubert, Swinburne, Mallarmé, Wilde, Housman, Joyce, Eliot, Sherwood Anderson, and E. E. Cummings, with fainter suggestions of Hemingway (in a fishing scene), Dos Passos (in the spelling of compound words), and Scott Fitzgerald. The poems he wrote in those days were wholly derivative, but his prose from the beginning was a form of poetry; and for all the echoes it was unmistakably his own. He traveled less than any of his contemporaries. There was a brief period when he lived in New Orleans with Sherwood Anderson and met the literary crowd; he even satirized them in a very bad novel ("Mosquitoes," published in 1927); then he went to New York, where for a few unhappy months he was the inefficient salesclerk of a bookstore; in 1925 he took a long walking trip in Europe without settling on the Left Bank. Except for recent visits to Hollywood, the rest of his life has been spent in the town where he grew up, less than forty miles from his birthplace.

FAULKNER'S novels are the books of a man who broods about literature but doesn't often discuss it with his friends; there is no ease about them, no feeling that they come from a background of taste refined by argument and of literary opinions held in common. He is a solitary worker by choice, and has done great things not only with double the pains to himself that they might have cost if produced in more genial circumstances, but sometimes also with double the pains to his readers. Some of his books as a whole and most of them in part are awkward experiments. All of them are full of overblown words like "imponderable," "immortal," "immutable," and "immemorial" that he would have used with more discretion, or not at all, if he had followed Hemingway's example and served an apprenticeship to an elder writer. He is a most uncertain judge of his own work, and he has no reason to believe that the public judgment of it is any more to be trusted; indeed, there is no American author who feels, or is justified in feeling, more suspicion of "a want in the public taste of a sense of the proportion of things." His early novels were over-praised, and for the wrong reasons; the later ones have been unjustly neglected; and at present all but one of his seventeen published books are out of print. The exception is "Sanctuary," which continues to be mildly popular in the Modern Library Edition and which Faulkner himself described—quite incorrectly, I think—as "a cheap idea . . . deliberately conceived to make money."

A very few of the critics seem to know what Faulkner is doing: I might mention George Marion O'Donnell, the first to recognize that Faulkner was a moralist, and Conrad Aiken, whose appreciation of his technique was printed some years ago in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Most of the others, including the academic critics, have fallen into amazing misconceptions. Thus, Maxwell Geismar asserts (in "Writers in Crisis") that Faulkner loathes Negroes as Negroes and women as women; they are his "demons" and his "incubae." Fred B. Millett ("Contemporary American Authors") says that his work is completely lacking in "the element of robust and earthy humor"; you wonder how many of Faulkner's books he has read. Oscar Cargill ("Intellectual America") explains "Sanctuary" as a social satire. "It is an attack," he says, "upon a gentry who could endorse prohibition because the nigger can't be trusted to drink, and thus license the bootlegger and the gangster. . . . If the good people of Mississippi and Tennessee did any reading, or understood what they read, Mr. Faulkner himself would long ago have been martyred and perhaps immortalized." What would happen if Mr. Cargill understood what he read? Granville Hicks ("The Great Tradition") says that Faulkner does not even try to understand the Southern world about him, that his novels are "close to triviality," and that the author himself is in "danger of becoming a Sax Rohmer for the sophisticated." Alfred Kazin ("On Native Ground") thinks that Faulkner's abil-

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ity "to invest his every observation of Southern life and manners with epic opulence and profligate rhetoric and Poe-like terror concealed the fact that he had no primary and design-like conception of the South." The conception is there, if Mr. Kazin had looked for it.

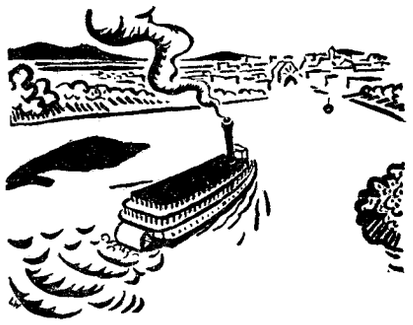
Some of the faults charged against him by the critics are real and serious. Faulkner's style, for all its sweep and power, cannot always stand the strain he puts on it. Unlike Hemingway, who sought in the beginning at least for a transparent medium that would convey "what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced," with the result that his language was in a lower key than the action and gave the effect of understatement, Faulkner is always trying to heighten the experience by his use of language, by rhythms, by imagery, and sometimes by hifalutin words that distract our attention from the action. He speaks of "the single profound suspiration of the parched earth's agony rising toward the imponderable and aloof stars," to quote by no means the worst of the phrases in "Absalom, Absalom!" Or again we read, in the same novel:

> Perhaps this is the pure and perfect incest: the brother realizing that the sister's virginity must be destroyed in order to have existed at all, taking that virginity in the person of the brother-in-law, the man whom he would be if he could become, metamorphose into, the lover, the husband; by whom he would be despoiled, choose for despoiler, if he could become, metamorphose into the sister, the mistress, the bride.

It is Mr. Compson speaking, and Faulkner intends his manner of speech —perhaps even the *"whom* he would be"—as a burlesque of the florid Southern style. But Quentin Compson, with no intention of burlesque, often speaks in a similar fashion; and even Shreve McCannon, Quentin's Canadian roommate, is infected by it ("He sounds just like father," Quentin says to himself); until very soon all the characters in the novel are uttering the same mixture of oratorical bombast and Symbolist poetry.

The reader is swept along by it, but sometimes he gets entangled in it too, as if a river in flood had debouched into a marsh where he flounders among pronouns without visible antecedents and verbs with their subjects on the preceding page. The sentences are inordinately long: in "The Sound and the Fury" there is one that extends for three pages. In "Go Down, Moses" there is a parenthesis of two pages, occurring in the middle of a sentence that begins halfway down page 261 and ends at the foot of page 267. Containing several paragraphs (each of which begins with a small letter) and a quantity of quoted matter, it runs to more than sixteen hundred words; it is probably the longest sentence in American fiction, and longer than any in English or Irish fiction, except for Molly Bloom's soliloquy. It tells how Uncle Buck and Uncle Buddy McCaslin freed their father's slaves: a moving story—and yet you wonder when reading it whether Faulkner hasn't weakened its emotional impact in displaying his technical versatility.

His taste is uncertain and sometimes almost as bad as a novelist's taste can be. It is bad enough in the passage where he muses over the glamor of the name Sartoris ("There is death in the sound of it, and a



glamorous fatality, like silver pennons downrushing at sunset, or a dying fall of horns along the road to Roncevaux"); but it is worse, from a different point of view, in a famous episode of "The Hamlet," the one where Ike Snopes, the idiot boy, falls in love and elopes with Jack Houston's cow. The story must have shocked the author himself, for he doesn't quite know how to handle it. Sometimes it becomes a portentous sort of prose poetry, as if Ike Snopes were Dante and the cow were Beatrice ("When he reaches her, she has already begun to lie down—first the forequarters, then the hinder ones, lowering herself in two distinct stages into the spent ebb of evening, nestling back into the nest-form of sleep, the mammalian attar. They lie down together"); sometimes it is very good backwoods humor, as robust and earthy as Fred B. Millett could wish; and sometimes it has just the suspicion of a leer, as if the author remembered all the dirty jokes about sex-starved cowboys (he doesn't say, but he might, "Turn her head around, Bud, I want to kiss her"). The reader doesn't know what to make of it all. But the reader knows exactly what to make of several stories in "Dr. Martino": they are magazine pieces that served their purpose and should never have been reprinted. Taste is a social product: it is a sense of the effect that our words or actions will produce on an audience. Faulkner at times affects his audience profoundly and in just the fashion that he planned to affect it; at other times his words are misdirected. Living in comparative solitude, he tends to forget the audience completely while listening to an inner voice that dictates words of genius and not a few absurdities.

HE is not primarily a novelist: that is, his plots do not occur to him in book-length units of 70,000 to 150,000 words. Almost all his novels have some structual weakness: they combine two or more themes having little relation to each other (like "Light in August"); or they are composed of two different stories having no relation at all (like "The Wild Palms"); or they are simply a collection of episodes like beads on a string (like "The Hamlet"); or they superimpose the framework of a novel on what had started out to be a collection of magazine stories (like "The Unvanquished"); or, with a more unified plot (like "As I Lay Dying"), they distract the reader by shifting rapidly from one character to another. In "The Sound and the Fury," which is superb as a whole, we can't be sure that the four sections of the novel are presented in the most effective order; at any rate, we can't fully understand and perhaps can't even read the first section until we have read the other three. Even in "Absalom, Absalom!" which is structurally the soundest of all the novels dealing with Yocknapatawpha County, the author's attention shifts halfway through the book from the principal theme of Colonel Sutpen's ambition to the secondary and overemphasized theme of incest and miscegenation.

Faulkner is best and most nearly himself either in long stories like "The Bear" (in "Go Down, Moses") and "Old Man" (which forms half of "The Wild Palms") and Lena Grove's pursuit of the man who promised to marry her (if that episode can be disengaged from "Light in August"), and in "Spotted Horses" (which was first published separately and then fitted into the loose framework of "The Hamlet"); or else in his Yocknapatawpha series as a whole. That is, his mind works best either in dealing with the total situation that is always present in his mind as a pattern of the South—his separate books are cut from it like slices from a pie; or else in units of twenty or thirty thousand words that can be conceived and written in a single burst of creative effort. It is by his best that we should judge him, like every other author; and Faulkner at his best—even sometimes at his worst —has a power, a richness of life, an intensity to be found in no other American novelist of our time. He has—once more I am quoting from Henry James's essay on Hawthorne—"the element of simple genius, the quality of imagination."

Moreover, he has a brooding love for

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the land where he was born and reared and where, unlike other writers of his generation, he has chosen to spend his life. It is ". . . this land, this South, for which God has done so much, with woods for game and streams for fish and deep rich soil for seed and lush springs to sprout it and long summers to mature it and serene falls to harvest it and short mild winters for men and animals." So far as Faulkner's country includes the Delta, it is also

> . . . this land which man has deswamped and denuded and derivered in two generations so that white men can own plantations and commute every night to Memphis and black men own plantations and ride in jim-crow cars to Chicago and live in millionaires' mansions on Lake Shore Drive, where white men rent farms and live like niggers and niggers crop on shares and live like animals, where cotton is planted and grows man-tall in the very cracks of the sidewalks, and usury and mortgage and bankruptcy and measureless wealth, Chinese and African and Aryan and Jew, all breed and spawn together.

Here are the two sides of Faulkner's feeling for the South: on the one side, an admiring and possessive love; on the other, a compulsive fear lest what he loves should be destroyed by the ignorance of its native serfs and the greed of absentee landlords.

No other American writer takes such delight in the weather. He speaks in various novels of "the hot still pine-winey silence of the August afternoon"; of "the moonless September dust, the trees along the road not rising soaring as trees should but squatting like huge fowl"; of "the tranquil sunset of October mazy with windless woodsmoke"; of the "slow drizzle of November rain just above the ice point"; of "those windless Mississippi December days which are a sort of Indian summer's Indian summer"; of January and February, when there is "no movement anywhere save the low constant smoke . . . and no sound save the chopping of axes and the lonely whistle of the daily trains." Spring in Faulkner's country is a hurried season, "all coming at once, pell mell and disordered, fruit and bloom and leaf, pied meadow and blossoming wood and the long fields shearing dark out of winter's slumber, to the shearing plow." Summer is dust-choked and blazing, and it lasts far into what should be autumn. "That's the one trouble with this country," he says in "As I Lay Dying." "Everything, weather, all, hangs on too long. Like our rivers, our land: opaque, slow, violent; shaping and creating the life of man in its implacable and brooding image."

And Faulkner loves these people created in the image of the land. After a second reading of his novels, you continue to be impressed by his villains, Popeye and Jason and Joe Christmas and all the rest of them; but this time you find more place in your memory for other figures standing a little in the background yet presented by the author with quiet affection: old ladies like Miss Jenny Du Pre, with their sharp-tongued benevolence; shrewd but kindly traders like Ratliff, the sewing-machine agent, and Will Varner, with his cotton gin and general store; long-suffering farm wives like Mrs. Henry Armstid; and backwoods patriarchs like Pappy MacCullum, with his six middle-aged but unmarried sons named after the generals of Lee's army. You remember the big plantation houses that collapse in flames as if a whole civilization were dying, but you also remember men in patched and faded but quite clean overalls sitting on the gallery—here in the North we should call it the porch—of a crossroads store that is covered with posters advertising soft drinks and patent medicines; and you remember the stories they tell while chewing tobacco until the suption is out of it. You remember Quentin Compson, not in his despairing moments, but riding with his father behind the dogs as they quarter a sedge-grown hillside after quail; and not listening to his father's story, but still knowing every word of it, because, as he thought to himself "you had learned, absorbed it already without the medium of speech somehow from having been born and living beside it, with it, as children will and do: so that what your father was saying did not tell you anything so much as it struck, word by word, the resonant strings of remembering."

Faulkner's novels have the quality of being lived, absorbed, remembered rather than merely observed. And they have what is rare in the novels of our time, a warmth of family affection, brother for brother and sister, the father for his children—a love so warm and proud that it tries to shut out the rest of the world. Compared with that affection, married love is presented as something calculating, and illicit love as a consuming fire. And because the blood relationship is central in his novels, Faulkner finds it hard to create sympathetic characters between the ages of twenty and forty. He is better with children, Negro and white, and incomparably good with older people who preserve the standards that have come down to them "out of the old time, the old days."

In his later books, which, except for the story of Ike Snopes in "The Hamlet," have attracted so little attention that they seem to have gone unread, there is a quality not exactly new to Faulkner—it had already appeared in passages of "Sartoris" and "Sanctuary"—but now much stronger and no longer overshadowed by violence and horror. It is a sort of homely and sober-faced frontier humor that is seldom achieved in contemporary writing (except by Erskine Caldwell, another Southerner). The horse-trading episodes in "The Hamlet," and especially the story of the spotted ponies from Texas, might have been inspired by the Davy Crockett almanacs. "The Wild Palms," the story of the convict who survived the greatest of all the Mississippi floods, while hoping and striving for nothing except the peace of the state prison farm, might almost be a continuation of "Huckleberry Finn." It is as if some older friend of Huck's had taken the raft and drifted on from Aunt Sally Phelps's farm into wilder adventures among Chinese and Cayjuns and machine guns on the

—From "Tuskeegee and the Black Belt."

"Monday Morning," by Mildred Nungester.

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levee; among islands covered with snakes and bayous crawling with alligators. In a curious way, Faulkner combines two of the principal traditions in American letters: the tradition of psychological horror, often close to symbolism, that begins with Charles Brockden Brown, our first professional novelist, and extends through Poe, Melville, Henry James (in his later stories), Stephen Crane, and Hemingway; and the other tradition of frontier humor and realism with Mark Twain as its best example.

But the American author he most resembles is Hawthorne, for all their polar differences. They stand to each other as July to December, as heat to cold, as swamp to mountain, as the luxuriant to the meagre but perfect, as planter to Puritan; and yet Hawthorne had much the same attitude toward New England that Faulkner has toward the South, together with a strong sense of regional particularity. The Civil War made Hawthorne feel that "the North and the South were two distinct nations in opinions and habits, and had better not try to live under the same institutions."* In the spring of 1861, he wrote to his Bowdoin classmate Horatio Bridge, "We were never one people, and never really had a country."—"New England," he said a little later, "is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can really take in." But it was more than a lump of earth for him; it was a lump of history and a permanent state of consciousness. Like Faulkner in the South, he applied himself to creating its moral fables and elaborating its legends, which existed, as it were, in his solitary heart. Pacing the hillside behind his house in Concord, he listened for a voice; you might say that he lay in wait for it, passively but expectantly, like a hunter behind a rock; then, when it had spoken, he transcribed its words—more slowly and carefully than Faulkner, it is true; with more form and less fire, but with the same essential fidelity. If the voice was silent, he had nothing to write. "I have an instinct that I had better keep quiet," he said in a letter to his publisher. "Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigor if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not." Faulkner is another author who has to wait for the spirit and the voice. Essentially he is not a novelist, in the sense of not being a writer who sets out to observe actions and characters, then fits them into the architectural framework of a story. For all the weakness of his own poems, he is an epic or bardic poet in prose, a creator of myths that he weaves together into a legend of the South.

*F. B. Sanborn, quoted by Lawrence Sargent Hall in "Hawthorne: Critic of Society," a book that reveals a side of the author until now almost completely overlooked.

Notes on a Visit to France

How the Cultural Resistance Movement Operated

CURT RIESS

Paris, March, 1945.

ON one of my first evenings in Paris I went to the Theatre des Ambassadeurs, the elegant—perhaps a bit too elegant—theatre which Henri Bernstein had built just before the outbreak of the war. They were playing a little comedy—a charming nothing—in which the chief feminine rôle was that of a young actress who made a practice of falling in love with her partner every time she went into a new play and then conveniently fell out of love again as soon as the play closed. Little was changed in the theatre. It was still elegant, if a bit shabby. Even the plays were the same. If it had not been for the cold inside the theatre, so intense that we had to sit through the evening with our coats on and the collars turned up to keep us warm, you might have thought it was still 1938. I said as much to the French friend who took me there, and I did not hide the fact that I was somewhat disappointed. So it was to be the theatre "business as usual" in Paris, after all, I grumbled.

—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

Well, yes and no, my friend replied, going on to point out that, after all, people who were hungry and cold had to have some entertainment. As to the actors, the young hero, the one with whom the actress falls in and out of love, he was just on army leave, and was going to rejoin his regiment the next day. In fact, even as this is being written he is fighting somewhere in Alsace as a second lieutenant. And the other principal male actor, the one who played the role of the playwright who sees it all coming, and said some very clever things in the style of Oscar Wilde, he was Claude Dauphin, one of the best actors on the French stage today. And he too left the cast within a few days—for England.

This Claude Dauphin had quite an interesting story. Joining the army as a lieutenant he fought until the fall of France, and then returned to civil life. Refusing all offers to come back to Paris and play for the Germans, or under them, he left for the south of France, where he appeared in several moving pictures. He was in constant danger of being arrested by the French Gestapo, because he said what he thought of Pétain and Laval and secretly worked in the Resistance Movement—in fact he was among the first ones to join it. In 1942 his position became untenable. While he was in the midst of making a motion picture he was forced to flee in a tiny boat to Gibraltar and from there to London, where he at once joined the De Gaullist forces. The Germans, unable to lay their hands on him, arrested his wife, the actress Rosine Derean, and deported her to Germany. In England Claude Dauphin conducted a French radio station called "Honeur et Patrie," which purported to come from inside France, and which did much to make the French understand that they had to fight Pétain as well as the Germans. On D-Day he was among the first French officers to land in France.

This then is the part Claude Dauphin played during the last few years—the actor who seemed fit only for the gay and utterly superficial conversation comedies he played so well. And he is by no means an exception. Many actors, among them Jean Louis Baroux, Maribell, Madelaine Renaud, Pierre Dux, Françoise Rosay, and numerous writers and artists, too, have played equally heroic roles in the drama of French resistance.

When the Resistance Movement in France, the so-called Underground, is mentioned, most of us think only of the daring deeds of the Maquis shooting it out in their mountain hideouts, of workers blowing up bridges or sab-

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otaging important industries—in short of those who were fighters in the physical sense. We scarcely ever think of men and women who write books, paint, or play music. But it is wrong not to think of them, for these men and women also had a large part in the French uprising. Certainly without them, without the constant moral support they and their works gave those who did the shooting and the blowing up, the Resistance Movement would not have been the *levée en masse* of a whole country that it actually was; for then the true representatives of what France had always meant to the world—call it culture or what you will—would not have been a part of it.

Perhaps the writers awakened to what the German occupation really meant to France earlier than any other class or profession. There is no definite date upon which one can fix the beginning of this resistance, though I have been told that many writers began to see clearly when on November 11, 1940, the Germans used machine guns against students who were demonstrating for De Gaulle on the Champs Élysées.

IT seems that a number of them began almost simultaneously to make some attempts at active resistance. What could they do about it? They could write. There was, for example, the poet Paul Eluard, who before the war was completely inactive in political affairs. When he finally began to realize what Nazism really meant he wrote a poem "Liberté," which was published first in Switzerland, and then illegally inside France.

There was the young professor of history, Jacques Decour, who lectured at the Lycée Rollin. He decided to found a magazine which would publish protests against the Nazis. It was to be called *Lettres Françaises*. Two of his friends, Jacques Solomon and George Politzer, helped him with the preparations. They had no equipment at all. They had to mimeograph the first number. But it was destined never to appear. The Gestapo stepped in, arrested the three, and shot them. I have seen the letter which Decour wrote his parents a few hours before his death. He did not believe in God or any beyond, and thus was certain that he would die "tout entier"—altogether. Still he believed that his death must have meaning. So he wrote, "I think of myself as a leaf falling from a tree and becoming manure."

But in spite of the Gestapo the *Lettres Françaises* did appear, after all. Decour's work was continued by the great writer Claude Morgan. A printing shop was found eventually. The best French writers showed themselves eager to contribute. Among those who regularly wrote for the magazine were such men as François Mauriac, Jean-Paul Sartre, Paul Eluard, Albert Camus, Roger Martin du Gard, and many others.

Lettres Françaises became an institution. Every copy of every number was read by literally thousands of people. The Gestapo found many copies, but was never able to find out where they were printed or how they were distributed. The distribution, incidentally, was taken care of by society ladies who bicycled from customer to customer, delivering the impatiently waited-for paper.

Nor was the Gestapo luckier with another publication of equal importance: *Les Editions de Minuit*, a series of little books which appeared at regular intervals after the middle of 1942. They were printed at a little shop which in times of peace had done the printing of cards announcing the death of a well-to-do citizen whose wife or family wanted all his friends to know when and where the funeral would take place . . . and please omit flowers.

It all started when a young designer, Jean Bruller, decided to write a small novel which he called "Le Silence de la Mer" in which he told the story of a young German officer stationed in the South of France where he tries to make friends with those among whom he lives, and fails. When he finally understands what most of the other Germans in France stand for—he evidently had some illusions on that score—he volunteers for the Russian front, a new kind of suicide.

Bruller wrote this little book in such secrecy that not even his wife knew about it. He then set out to publish it . . . 200 copies. He signed it Vercors, because it was in the district of Vercors somewhere in the Dauphinée, that the first bands of Maquis had been formed and had made the Germans take notice. The first 200 copies were printed with the help of a young Jewish woman, Yvonne Paraf, who lived under the name of Madame des Vignes and did valuable work for the Underground. Bruller, when he worked with her, assumed the name of Monsieur des Vignes.

"Le Silence de la Mer" was an immediate success—strangely enough, too, since it is not the kind of book you would expect in a secret work of fiction, written as a protest against the enemy and his invasion. It is, rather, a fine psychological study of this very enemy, showing him in his most sympathetic form or personification, a kind of literary definition of the enemy rather than a cry for revenge. And by that very token it proves beyond all doubt the peculiar right and ability of French literature—always at best when it is a fighting literature—to take part in this fight, even to lead it.

Bruller found another helper in Jean de Lescure, and more than twenty books in the series appeared in rapid succession. Many great French writers contributed, under pseudonyms, of course. Mauriac wrote as Forez, Aragon as France la Colère, Jean Cassou as Jean Noir, Paul Eluard as Jean du Haut and D'Hersent. Those who knew their contemporary French literature had no difficulty in recognizing the style and thus the real names of the authors. The Germans never did. But, then, the Gestapo is not noted for its literary knowledge.

Many of the young writers did not write. They believed it was more necessary to fight. Among those to join the Maquis was Jean Prevost, who was killed by the Nazis shortly before the liberation, André Malraux, who fought under the name of Colonel Berger, and who, finally arrested, was saved just in the nick of time by the Allied landings, and many others.

While the underground literature flourished, the legitimate book-trade almost went out of existence. Men like Georges Duhamel and Paul Valéry felt that silence was the method of demonstrating their opposition to the Germans. And so they wrote nothing except for an occasional contribution to clandestine publications. They never went to meetings or festivals of any kind where they might risk meeting any Germans and, by their mere attendance sanction, so to speak, the presence of the Germans.

SOME of them, Duhamel for instance, were in constant trouble with the German authorities. Jean Giraudoux, who was known to assemble documents about German atrocities—and he was very efficient at it—died very suddenly. I heard from many sides that there is more than just a suspicion that the Nazis poisoned him.

Jewish authors were, of course, treated with the utmost cruelty. Many of them, like Anywelde or the poet Max Jacob, were killed. Even Tristan Bernard, more than eighty now, was

(*Continued on page* 72)

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Almanac for Spring Reading

A Guide to the Forthcoming Books

AMY LOVEMAN

(Precise publication dates and prices being in many instances unavailable all such data have been omitted.)

April

Fiction:

THE HUMAN IMAGE. By Robert Smith. Harpers.

What happened when a credulous woman fell in love with a perfect heel. Mr. Smith has a flair for creating character, plausible situations, and natural and spontaneous dialogue. But the realism of his story would have been the better for occasional relief from sordidness.

MRS. HERIOT'S HOUSE. By Barbara Webster. Scribners.

The feminine public particularly will find interest in a skilful depiction of a charming widow's recovery of serenity and romance.

THE HAPPY TIME. By Robert Fontaine. Simon & Schuster.

Delightful short stories, whimsical, tender, and humorous, by a Canadian writer.

I MARRIED THEM. By Janet Van Duyn. Soskin.

A tale of adventures, hilarious and otherwise, which resulted from the fact that the heroine when she married a physician found she had allied herself with three generations of doctors and other relatives galore.

THE SILVER DARLINGS. By Neil M. Gunn. Stewart.

Mr. Gunn, who has proved himself before a writer of delicacy and perceptiveness, has here written a novel both moving and effective around a group of simple Scottish fisher folk.

THE SHADOW FALLS. By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace.

Though this is not a mystery story but rather a tale of psychological tension still the habit of the detective story prevails.

Detective Stories:

THE FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead.

All the Father Brown stories gathered together into a royal feast.

ENEMY UNSEEN. By Freeman Wills Crofts. Dodd, Mead.

An Inspector French detective story.

THE LUCKY STIFF. By Craig Rice. Simon & Schuster.

A tale that begins at the end.

Non-Fiction:

THE HAYS OFFICE. By Raymond Moley. Bobbs-Merrill.

A discussion of motion picture censorship.

FREEDOM IS MORE THAN A WORD. By Marshall Field. University of Chicago Press.

The owner of the Chicago *Sun* and *PM* and *Parade* sets forth the political and social faith of a multi-millionaire who is a man of good will.

THE AESTHETIC ADVENTURE. By William Gaunt. Harcourt, Brace.

An account of the so-called bohemian movement of the late nineteenth century, dealing partly with the Latin Quarter of Paris but in the main with the England of Swinburne, Rossetti, Wilde, and others.

THE GIANT KILLERS. By Alan Hynd. McBride.

How malefactors of great power were brought to justice through the machinery of income tax enforcement.

THE BEST IS YET. By Morris Ernst. Harpers.

Mr. Ernst writes in vivacious fashion of his life, his legal battles, his censorship victories, his love of nature, etc.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE GREAT BETRAYAL. By Thomas O. Bailey. Macmillan.

A study of the First World War President in terms of his writings that are applicable to the present.

MARRIAGE TO INDIA. By Hilda Wernher. John Day.

A journey that shattered precedents by proving that a mother could accompany her daughter on a wedding trip, that intermarriage between a Westerner and an East Indian under such conditions could prove successful, and an account of the acclimatization of two foreign women to Oriental life.

A. WOOLLCOTT: His Life and His World. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Reynal & Hitchcock.

A biography, so complete as to leave no room for another, of the Town Crier by a fellow Hamiltonian.

PREHASKA'S WIFE. By Helen Wharton. Dodd, Mead.

A chronicle of a year in the Aleutians.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN. By Walter Bernstein. Viking.

Spirited sketches of the war by a *Yank* correspondent.

CHINA'S CRISIS. By Lawrence K. Rosinger. Knopf.

An informed and informative study by a sound student of Chinese affairs.

THE BEST FROM YANK, *SELECTED BY THE EDITORS. Dutton.*

An anthology of fact, fiction, and picture by enlisted men in the service.

May

Fiction:

THE FATES ARE LAUGHING. By W. P. Crozier. Harcourt, Brace.

A novel of ancient Rome by a writer who knows his classical history.

THEY CHANGE THEIR SKIES. By Letitia Preston Osborne. Lippincott.

The kind of novel that is all too rare that tells a tale of pleasant people in pleasant and interesting fashion. Excellent reading.

INTERIM. By R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar & Rinehart.

An interesting, but not entirely successful, portrayal of an erratic household and arresting personalities.

ISLAND 49. By Merle Miller. Crowell.

A *Yank* correspondent spins a tale about a diminutive Pacific island conquered by Americans.

THE CITY OF TREMBLING LEAVES. By Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Random House.

A long and often striking story of adolescence and youth, set in Reno and the neighboring mountains, written with power and beauty.

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LET US CONSIDER ONE ANOTHER. by Josephine Lawrence. Appleton-Century.

A novel which takes anti-semitism as its theme.

WARD TWENTY. By James Warner Bellah. Appleton-Century.

Pictures a span of twenty-four hours in a veterans' hospital.

THE BRICK FOXHOLE. By Richard Brooks. Harpers.

A realistic novel depicting the reactions of a man whose war service was confined to a barracks in this country.

THE LITTLE COMPANY. By Eleanor Dark. Macmillan.

A novel of Australia.

PRIDE'S WAY. By Robert Molloy. Macmillan.

A tale of Charleston in which tradition still proves an all-powerful force.

Detective Stories: All of them have thrills and shudders.

FALLEN ANGEL. By Marty Holland. Dutton.

ANY SHAPE OR FORM. By Elizabeth Daly. Farrar & Rinehart.

THE MURDERER IS A FOX. By Ellery Queen. Little, Brown.

MURDER ON ANGLER'S ISLAND. By Mary Helen Reilly. Random House.

SILENCE IN COURT. By Patricia Wentworth. Lippincott.

Non-Fiction:

NINE MILE BRIDGE. By Helen Hamlin. Norton.

A narrative of life in the Maine woods.

THE MALE HORMONE. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace.

A scientific study for the lay reader.

TALKING TO THE MOON. By John Joseph Mathews. University of Chicago Press.

Reflections on nature, life, and the world in general.

THESE ARE THE RUSSIANS. By Richard E. Lauterbach. Harpers.

The narrative of a *Life-Time* correspondent who accompanied Eric Johnston on part of his trip.

THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED PHILISTINES. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard.

Essays in criticism by a noted novelist.

June

Fiction:

THE BIRTH OF MISCHIEF. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin.

Romantic fiction by an old favorite.

SIX OF THEM. By Alfred Neumann. Macmillan.

A novel about the so-called Munich students revolt of 1938-1939 which is powerful and deeply moving.

THE LONGEST PLEASURE. By Victor Wolfson. Simon & Schuster.

Grim realism that make no concessions to the reader.

NO HIDING PLACE. By Terry Morris. Knopf.

Army wives and army husbands in a town which might be any city in America near an army camp.

NEW CHUM. By John Masefield. Macmillan.

A nostalgic chronicle of the author's first trip at thirteen aboard a merchant marine ship.

NONE SHALL KNOW. By Martha Albrand. Little, Brown.

A novel of the war with a hero who is in the Underground and a heroine who is a relief worker among children.

DRAGON HARVEST. By Upton Sinclair. Viking.

In which Lanny Budd watches Europe reap the whirlwind.

THE INQUEST. By Robert Neumann. Dutton.

Sex and fascism locked in battle.

RICKSHAW BOY. By Lau Shaw. Reynal & Hitchcock.

The moving and charming story of a Chinese boy whose dream of happiness was to own a rickshaw and who in pursuit of it had many adventures.

ONE WHO SURVIVED. By Alex Barmine. Putnam.

The odyssey of a Russian.

TAHL. By Jeremy Ingalls. Knopf.

A remarkable narrative poem, distinguished alike for content and manner.

ENRICO CARUSO. By Dorothy Caruso. Simon & Schuster.

An anecdotal and intimate account by his wife of one of the greatest tenors of all time who was a generous personality as well.

RAW MATERIAL. By Oliver LaFarge. Houghton Mifflin.

A frank autobiography which dwells, however, rather on the psychology of the author than on the events of his life.

ALL OUR LIVES. By Henry Wise Miller. Coward-McCann.

A biography of the late Alice Duer Miller by her husband.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EARNING A LIVING. By John Wharton. Simon & Schuster.

A discussion which is just what it professes to be, by a lawyer. It should prove a useful, though unpedantic, manual for the young man about to start in life.

TOM PAINE: AMERICA'S GODFATHER. By W. E. Woodward. Dutton.

Biography by a popular historian.

MESA VERDE. By Christopher LaFarge. New Directions.

A play in verse, dealing with the Indians of Colorado at the end of the thirteenth century, written at the behest of the Metropolitan Opera Company as libretto for an opera.

"Pssst!"

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W. L. White on the Russians

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the most controversial books of the new season is W. L. White's "Report on the Russians." Because of the arguments that the book has generated, as well as the importance of the subject itself,* The Saturday Review *has asked a group of correspondents and writers to comment not only on the book, but on* SRL's *review of the book by Louis Fischer.*

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS. By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

WILLIAM L. WHITE, author of "Report on the Russians," spent about as much time in the Soviet Union as the Dean of Canterbury, author of "The Soviet Power." Mr. White, son of the late and illustrious editor from Emporia, Kansas, went to Russia in the summer of 1944 as a companion of Eric A. Johnston, and stayed six weeks. Six weeks, however, is a very short time to study Russian conditions, especially when you don't know the language, never visited the place before, and were busy eating mountains of food and drinking pools of champagne at official Soviet banquets.

Bill White is aware of these handicaps. That, of course, did not prevent him from writing a book on Russia any more than it inhibited a host of earlier fly-by-weekend tourist commentators who likewise took state-conducted trips through the Soviet Union. Usually, they look for facts which confirm their pre-tour prejudices.

Mr. White writes extremely well; you move with him as he rushes through streets, dinners, factories, concerts, farms, and conversations in European and Asiatic Russia. So complete is the reader-participation that you almost get a stomach ache at the day's fifth banquet laid by the same ubiquitous government caterer.

Because parts of White's book were printed in *The Reader's Digest* and because the Communists and their numerous intellectual vassals have attacked White's view on Russia, the impression has been created that White is a reactionary who saw no good in the Soviet Union. But he also speaks with high praise: for instance,

> What we have seen of Soviet agriculture has been uniformly good. Since I come from a farming state I could not be badly fooled. True, they have shown us their best. But it is at least as good as our best.

And this passage:

> The thing I liked best of all about the Soviet Union, and it is one we would do well to copy, is the intelligently decent Russian attitude toward minority races. They are helped without being patronized, and they have developed self-respect and an understandable gratitude. If they have no freedom, neither have the Russians. While this Soviet racial-colonial policy may not be as good as our handling of the Philippine Islands, it is infinitely better than our bungling and thoughtless treatment of the Negro.

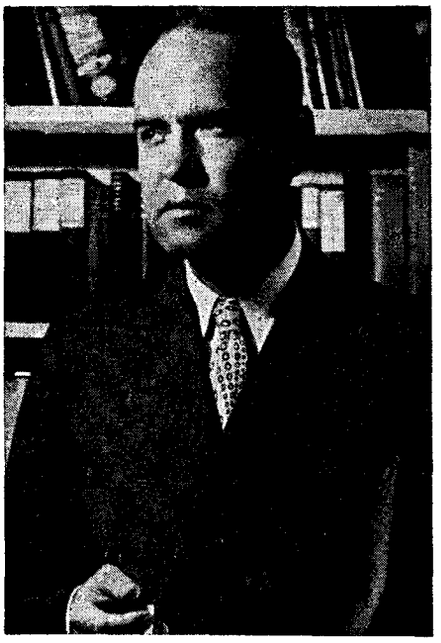
Russia is more lied about than any other country because its blinkered partisans want it to be accepted as the alternative to capitalist democracy; therefore it must be presented as unblemished perfection. Its detractors, on the other hand, fear the West's adoption of the Soviet system or of its essential features. More often than not, accordingly, reports on Russia are skirmishes in the war for the heart and mind of America. Of late, too, the purpose of pro-Soviet propaganda is to reduce foreign resistance to Russia's expansionist policy. Hence the helplessness of the average mortal reader who would really like to understand just what Russia is and what has been happening there. Soviet Russia should be moved into the zone of objective criticism. Condemnation of certain Soviet practices should not be considered as blasphemy nor intelligent approval as treason to America.

Bill White has three chief complaints against Soviet Russia:

(1) the low standard of living.
(2) the inefficiency of government industries.
(3) the absence of personal liberty.

It is well to suspend judgment on Soviet living standards. They are extremely low and have improved less since 1917 than in many capitalist countries. The reasons are the turmoil of revolution and civil war, the dislocation due to purges, and the high cost of speedily developing new basic industries in a backward nation. I think we do not yet possess sufficient data to decide whether full employment and low real wages in Soviet Russia are the effects of inflation and war preparations or of socialist planning and Soviet methods of production and distribution. Stand-pat Stalinists will regard this statement as heresy to their theories. But they cannot disprove it. I go by Soviet experience. It is not unlike the experience of capitalist countries during periods of inflation and of production for export, for domestic capital investment or for war.

Now as to inefficiency in Soviet industries. White has a keen eye and he notes many phenomena which have eluded observers long resident in Moscow. But with all his talent, Mr. White is merely viewing a split in the life of Russia and he cannot follow trends. He and apparently Eric Johnston as well were upset, for example, by the dirt in Soviet factories and by the disorder which raises production costs. But for many years the Soviet authorities fought this slovenliness and achieved considerable success until the war lifted Russia's best managers, most devoted Communists, and, above all, the workers with good working habits out of the plants and set them down at the fronts. Their places have been taken—eighty per cent in some factories—by women straight from villages and kitchens or by boys. Mr. White saw twelve-year-old kids holding down factory jobs. "You see absolutely no men between sixteen and forty at the factory benches," writes White. Wouldn't their absence explain a great deal of inefficiency, Bill?



W. L. White —*Photo by Arni*

Nor is it correct to attribute drab window displays to the elimination of commercial competition. Before the war, window decorations were often strikingly good-looking, in fact, too beautiful for the empty shelves inside.

Inefficiency does flourish everywhere in the Soviet economic system. But the question is whether it comes from non-competitive, government management, as Mr. White seems to believe, or from the frequent zigzags in the Kremlin's political policies, the constant shifting of political appointees in economic jobs, the purges and trials, the huge overhead for office-holders, bookkeepers, and clerks in industry, the cheapness of labor in a country which abandoned collective bargaining

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in December, 1935, and the cheapness of life under a dictatorship.

What riled White most in Russia, however, was the suppression of personal freedom and of civil liberties. He passes on the information, gleaned from others, that with each year of revolution the amount of freedom has diminished. White is a Kansas liberal who loves liberty. This explains his reaction against Russia. He resented, first, the uninterrupted surveillance to which he and the members of his group were subjected. They were watched every waking moment. People they met by chance were told what to say to them and, invariably, this included the glorification of Stalin. Only once did White and his fellow-travellers enter a Soviet home, the sumptuous villa of a high official. But all this pales against White's red-hot denunciation of the manner in which Soviet citizens are transported from cultured European cities in Russia and told to spend the rest of their lives in a bleak desert in central Asia. He fumes at every encounter with slave labor. He dislikes the Communist czars he meets in various regions; they make him think of Tammany bosses only they have more power and imitate Oriental potentates. White feels that the Soviet individual is powerless to resist not only the terror of the ubiquitous secret police but also the pressure of Soviet propaganda. "Public opinion," he declares, "is handled with the consummate skill of an artist on a giant concert organ, whose hands run deftly over many keys to produce one marching series of harmonies." The individual does not think; he merely obeys and lives a lie to keep alive. "The workers," he says cynically, "want to live wherever Moscow decides they are most useful."

Summarizing his Russian observations, Mr. White asserts: "On one side of the picture this is a slave empire. On the other side it is a vigorous, dynamic empire—moving on." White fears it.

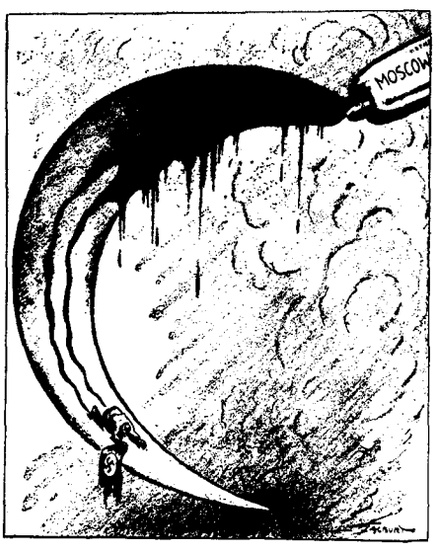
William L. White's "Report on the Russians" is an antidote to the slobbering hosannahs of passionate partisans of Stalin's nationalistic, socialistic, militaristic, caste-ridden, bureaucracy-ridden, conventional, regimented, success-minded, Czarist-minded, poor, terrorized, aggressive Russia. But White's report in turn needs an antidote which emphasizes the Soviet Union's achievements in science, in collectivized agriculture, in education (unaccompanied, however, by a parallel advance in the capacity to think), in the elimination of the idle rich and the idle poor, in the encouragement of individual ability and talent, in public health service, in child care, etc.

Russia is no longer red, but neither, Mr. White, is it black.

John Hersey:

LOUIS FISCHER'S comments on "Report on the Russians" are generous. Mr. Fischer suggests that W. L. White was impartial, for he says that White "also" speaks with high praise for the Soviet Union. Besides the two brief tributes to Soviet agriculture and the Russian attitude toward minorities, which Fischer quotes, I was able to find high and not-so-high praise for Russian salted cucumbers, for the ballet, for certain cities of Siberia, for a song called "Lubymy Gorod," for the way two fifteen-year-old Turkoman jockeys sat their horses, for a political boss named Mike Kulagin (who, however, seemed "strikingly un-Russian" to White), and for a "charming, unaffected child" of a movie actress (whom he liked because she had no gold teeth). These things Bill White liked. But these are just about all. The book is 309 pages long. The moments of high praise may consume altogether 309 words. The book is not impartial.

I hope Mr. Fischer will not object to my supplementing his review with some points he did not mention. This will be a long paragraph. Item: the book is insulting, and whatever one's views may be about the Soviet system, this moment of history, when the committed policy of our nation and of Great Britain is to try to find a *modus vivendi* with Russia, seems a peculiarly inappropriate one for an attitude of smug superiority. White characterizes almost every Russian he meets with a derogatory image. One is "stony-faced," one is like a "cold pail of lard," Mikoyan is like an "Oriental rug salesman," Molotov is like an "Indian Chief," portraits of Lenin and Stalin seem to have been painted "by the same artist who does the portraits of the tattooed man, the snake charmer and the two-headed baby for the side-show"—good reading but hardly good taste. Russian officers with their close haircuts, White fancies, look Prussian—a gratuitous slap under the circumstances. Russians seemed to him no better off than the inmates of the Kansas State Penitentiary; Russians eat garbage. Item: the book applies American standards to everything Russian. It does not follow that because Russians walk around in suits which look to White like American mail-order suits boiled and lightly pressed, that they are, *ipso facto*, slaves. Item: White's report differs sharply from the reports of his host, Eric Johnston, who has felt it necessary to disavow the book publicly, and of his travelling companions Joyce O'Hara, William Lawrence of *The New York Times*, Richard Lauterbach of *Time* and *Life*, and Robert Magidoff of NBC. Item: by the account of persons quoted by White, he occasionally made up statements and put them into their mouths; some of the things he attributed to other people, he said himself. One alleged "interview" with two American engineers called "Tex" and "Ed" in Eastern Russia never took place; its "facts" were derived from a foreigner in Moscow who for personal reasons hates everything Soviet, and were then put in the convenient context, very readably. Item: many of White's sources were unreliable. He took the grousing of the correspondents in the Metropole far more literally and seriously than the correspondents themselves did. His account of the "panic" in Moscow at the time of the Germans' approach in 1941 was derived from the same bitter man who supplied the engineers' "interview." His account of the Katyn Forest massacres is obviously from sources sympathetic to the London Poles, and makes no pretense at being impartial; it sounds very much like the Berlin radio. Item: White selects his facts unfairly. In reporting prices he devotes only forty-nine words, as an afterthought, to the ration stores where food prices are, by and large, cheaper than in the United States, but spends several pages itemizing the prices in the Commission Shops and Commercial Stores, where the Government purposely pegs prices very high to absorb inflationary rubles. Item: he scarcely mentions the war; it should not be necessary to elaborate this incredible oversight. Item: he belittles. He is willing to grant "effortless beauty" in the Moscow subway, but asks why it is so small. He says: "The Red Army is good," and then goes on to argue that the reason it is good is simply Russia's high birth rate. Item: some of his statements are not true. He says, for instance, that the Allied



—*By Talburt in the* Houston (Texas) Times
"The Road Back"

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war at sea has been dismissed with a few lines in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. On the contrary those papers, and *Red Star* and *Red Fleet* as well, have been running long and excellent reviews of the Pacific war for many months. Item: there are some downright absurdities in the book, such as the passage asking what has become of the old people and the passage in which he says he can't see anything from a mile in the air that the Russian peasants have gained from the Revolution. And this: "I don't say that American morale is higher than Russian. I only point out that we can hold up our heads in decent self-respect." No one can question Bill White's right not to respect the Russians, but notwithstanding his "Report," the Russians themselves hold their heads very high these days.

Early in the book White records the frame of mind in which Eric Johnston approached the Soviet Union. "He has a theory . . . that before you begin to denounce an opponent, you should go over with him the points on which you agree; you will both be surprised, Johnston points out, at how many of these there are." One cannot help wishing that in discussing Russia, a country which happens at this moment to be not an opponent, but an ally, that a man of Bill White's skill and persuasiveness had approached his subject with an open mind.

Maurice Hindus:

"REPORT ON RUSSIA" is more a report on Bill White than it is on Russia. It discloses his irresponsible method of gathering material and the even more irresponsible manner in which he pronounces his judgments. Let the reader ponder on the following quite minor statements:

"The American films best known are Chaplin's 'Gold Rush' and 'The Dictator.'" It may interest Bill White to know that "The Dictator" was never shown in Russia and the Russian public knows nothing about it. Pudovkin, Russia's well known motion-picture producer, once asked me if I could arrange a private showing of the film in the American Embassy so he and Eisenstein could see it. Unfortunately our Embassy no longer had the film.

"His collective probably owes money for implements it has bought from the Machinery Trust." There is no Machinery Trust in Russia, and collective farms do not owe money for machinery because they do not own any. The state-owned tractor stations supply the farms seasonally with the mechanized equipment they use.

It will be news to those of us who know Ehrenburg that he is "a little stocky man." Whatever else Ehrenburg may be he is not stocky.

White says that "not for months" would the censor permit correspondents to say the "Government last spring reopened its commercial stores." Most of the correspondents were in Odessa at the time the stores were reopened. On our return I asked Eddie Gillmore of the Associated Press whether he had any good stories to send during our absence. He said that the opening of the commercial stores was an especially good story.

I hold no brief for Russian or any censors. At best they are a nuisance. But it would have been easy for White to check on this and other statements he makes in the book. But checking, whether of fact or fable, means work and patience, and White is so eager to give the world "the real lowdown" on Russia, that he cannot bother with checking on the information he gathers.

In speaking of "Grapes of Wrath" he says that only Soviet intellectuals have read it "and appreciate the artistry" of the novel. By this time at least half a million copies of the book have been printed. In Russia a new novel, especially if it is as good as Steinbeck's, is read by at least ten million people. Therefore, instead of reaching only a handful of intellectuals, "The Grapes of Wrath" must have been read by at least five million people.

The film was never shown in Russia and White says that the reason is that it portrays the Joads as travelling freely and owning their own car. But if this is the reason, why has not the Russian censor deleted from this book the parts relating to free travel in America and to the Oakies' owning their own car?

Pontifically White says: "Almost never do the authorities admit any book or movie which would give a straightforward picture of American life and the average American standard of living." Some years ago Cass Canfield, head of Harper's publishing house, was in Moscow. I gave him a copy of Frederick Allen's "Only Yesterday" which the Russians had published. At the time it was a text book in a number of Russian academies. On another occasion I brought Fannie Hurst a copy of her "Lummox" which I had picked up on a Russian newsstand in my travels. Edna Ferber, Rupert Hughes have been translated into Russian. Sinclair Lewis is well known. So is Hemingway. So is Dreiser, particularly his "Sister Carrie." For generations Russian children have been brought up on the adventure stories of three American authors: Mark Twain, Fenimore Cooper, and Jack London. Mark Twain has never been more popular than now, and if any author is more universally, humanly, permanently American than Mark Twain, I should like to know his name.

As for American movies it would have taken White no more than half an hour of his time to learn that the most sensational success in Russia still is "The Great Waltz" and that a runnerup is Laurence Tibbett's "Desert Song," which the Russians have released under such a proletarian party line title as "She Fascinates Me." When I left Russia the rage was Sonja Henie's "Sun Valley Serenade." White speaks of "the unsmiling Slav faces." If the Russians are so averse to smiling or laughing why do they appreciate Charlie Chaplin? Why do they still pack theatres to see the silents of Harold Lloyd? Why do they read Mark Twain?

Nor does White deem it below his dignity to take a below-the-belt slam at Charlie Chaplin. He reports a conversation with Russians in which he says: "As they talked we learned that Walt Disney is more often than not in the Soviet dog-house since Mickey Mouse frequently deviates from the Party line, which Charlie Chaplin never does." This is utter nonsense. No Russian in his right senses would make such a statement. If the only books and pictures the Russians allow are those that toe the party line, why the immense popularity of "The Great Waltz," "The Desert Song," "The Three Musketeers"? But for some reason it suits White to fling the label of "party line" on Charlie Chaplin. White speaks of Russia over and over as a penitentiary. Russians have not the political and civil liberties which we are enjoying. But if Russia is a penitentiary and no more, then how is it that her greatest generals in the present war come from "the dark people," the lowliest of the lowly in the old days? Zhukov, Vasilewsky, Malinowsky, Konev, Rotmistrov, Baltoukhim, Timoshenko, the late Vatutin, the late Cherkiakhowsky, Teremenko, Chuikof, a host of others are sons of muzhiks.

"Prostitution," says White, "has been abolished. . . . But, friend, do you happen to have an extra quart of milk, a bottle of vodka, a pound of pork or a pack of cigarettes." Russia has

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her quota of women of easy virtue. But the insinuation that a Russian woman can be bought for a quart of milk, a pound of pork, only demonstrates the measure of the author's swaggering contempt for Russia and Russians. . . .

The conflict between Russian collectivism and private enterprise, especially as known in our country, is one of the major issues of our time. An honest and earnest investigator could write a valuable and illuminating comparison pointing out the endless advantages of private enterprise as it has developed in the United States. I doubt if any people in the world appreciate more than do the Russians the prodigious miracle American private enterprise has performed in the field of production during the present war. The highest compliment American private enterprise was ever accorded was the toast which Stalin drank to Roosevelt during the Teheran conference in which, as it was reliably reported to corespondents in Moscow, the Soviet marshal said that without American production the Allies could never have won the war.

A report like White has written, riddled with inaccuracies and snap judgments and with the hoary stories that have been lying around the doorsteps of the foreign colony in Moscow, will do Russia no harm. Russia will have to find her way to maturity and a happy standard of living in her own manner. But it will enhance enormously Russian official suspicion of America. The Russians are not likely to regard it as an isolated incident. The good things on Russia that White interpolates in his narrative will not offset the irresponsible chatter and the swaggering judgments of which he so gaily delivers himself.

Until 1936 foreign correspondents could travel freely all over the country except in Yakutia and in Central Asia. After 1936, when Hitler loomed up as an inevitable war-maker, travel was still free though it involved special registration. I had been hoping that when the war ended the Russians would again permit foreign writers to travel freely. White's book offers them an excellent excuse for not doing so, especially in the light of the millions of people who have read his report in *The Reader's Digest*.

W. H. Chamberlin:

I LIKE both W. L. White's "Report on the Russians" and Louis Fischer's review of it. I hope the review will help to swell the sales which White's excellent job of human, fair, uninhibited reporting deserves.

I like White's book on several counts. First, because it impresses me as the most truthful and realistic account of present-day Russia I have read for a long time. White obviously did not write with one eye nervously cocked for the approval of a hard-bitten Soviet censor or of a consul who might grant or withhold a return visa. For that reason his candid account of his impressions is like a breath of fresh air, compared with the stale, censor- and propaganda-ridden character of many things that are written and said about Russia at the present time.

—*By Edmund Duffy in the* Baltimore (Maryland) Sun

"Steel-Hoarding Giant"

A second count in favor of the book is that Bill White, like his father before him, is one of America's best, keenest, and most human reporters. It is remarkable how many authentic personal impressions, how many vivid descriptive scenes he has succeeded in extracting from a trip which, through no fault of White, contained a good many tiresome and repetitious banquets and receptions.

Third, I liked the book because the author stands foursquare and without equivocation or weasel words for democracy and human liberty and the fundamental decencies that are associated with democracy and liberty.

Louis Fischer's review is a welcome contrast to the stereotyped abuse that has been poured on White and his book by Communists, fellow-travellers, and, unfortunately, by some reviewers who do not fall into these categories, but who have been hypnotized into believing that the proper attitude for an unofficial American observer in Russia should be that of the blind, deaf, and dumb monkeys. Fischer has a rich background of living experience in Russia and when he disagrees with White he argues his case on adult and rational grounds.

To like a book or a review does not, of course, imply one hundred per cent agreement with its contents. The limitations imposed on White's book by the shortness of his stay and his previous lack of familiarity with Russia are obvious. He might, I think, have made more generous allowance for the impoverishing effect of war on Russia, regardless of the economic system which might prevail there. Some of the impressions of complete exhaustion of manpower in the armed forces and in the factories may be overdrawn. Still, for the reasons I have already stated, the book is far superior to anything written by any other quick tripper in Russia.

Louis Fischer's review is the most thoughtful, serious, and impartial estimate of White's work I have seen in print. But it would have been much better, in my opinion, if the first sentence and the last two sentences had been left out. It is simply laughable even to hint at a similarity between White's intensely human, lively, readable story of his impressions and the dull, stodgy propaganda of the Dean of Canterbury, even though White and the Dean both paid short visits to Russia and could not converse in the Russian language.

And the concluding sentence, "Russia is no longer red, but neither, Mr. White, is it black" may be a good wisecrack, but doesn't convey a fair picture of the book. Fischer himself cites two passages of high praise for Soviet farming and Soviet nationality policy, and I could add many more testimonials by White to positive aspects of the Soviet regime if space permitted.

Francis Hackett:

WHAT most interests me in W. L. White's book is not so much the content as the quality. It is a "Report on the Russians"—for Americans. Its quality is important.

Mr. Fischer, as an expert on Russia, lays all the stress on its content, and this is natural. He sees the book as an addition to the great stew of controversy that is boiling everywhere. He welcomes it as an antidote to "slobbering hosannahs." If he wants another antidote, one that enumerates and develops seven kinds of achievement that Mr. White did not emphasize, he still brands most of Mr. White's critics as miserable creatures, "intellectual vassals of communism." The whole affair, as he sees it, turns on Mr. White's contribution to a specific controversy.

"Report on the Russians" does, of course, call for an expert's opinion. It has a lot to say about Russia's social engineering, and no mere literary critic can have expert opinion on this. But Mr. Fischer narrows the question of this book down to Communism, pro or con. Since he is himself quick to

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Stephen Benét's Radio Artistry

UNITED WE STAND. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND MASSEY

IF it is an aphorism that nothing is deader than yesterday's newspaper, it would seem to be twice as obvious that nothing is deader—or more unsuitable to print—than yesterday's radio show. Yet here, in a collection written by Stephen Vincent Benét, are radio shows which are not of yesterday but of two and three years ago—and forever tomorrow.

Radio is very confining to all concerned. There's the censorship, to start with. Well do I remember the glorious Donnybrook that Arch Oboler had to conduct to get "This Precious Freedom" admitted to the air waves. Radio was nervous then, in 1940, about being "neutral" and to say that freedom is a pretty good thing seemed to some definitely unneutral. There's the time limitation—one half hour, and they mean it, to a second. There's the limitation to the actor of having only his voice with which to create illusion. And to the writer there's the initial hazard of having to value words only as *spoken* words. No counting on his audience reading some parts slowly, the better to relish them—no counting on a re-reading. And there's the heartbreaking but necessary "cutting" at the last moment to meet the exigency of that "half-hour"! Well, it's a specialized form of writing. Steve Benét saw it differently, because Steve was a fighter. He saw a job to be done.

The fight was to awaken his well-loved America to her peril: the job was to tell that peril to as many people as he could reach. The problem was how, fastest. Steve couldn't go out and grab a gun and start shooting. If he had tried to, a lot of us who loved him would have forcibly restrained him! Because this country has reason to value Stephen Vincent Benét, and had a need of his particular skill to rouse us. He pitched in with his unique weapon, just as an engineer pitched in with *his* special knowledge—as a seaman with his. It was a time for all of us to pitch in. He gave no thought to whether or not his attempt at writing via a new medium would "click." He had a skill: he put it, wholeheartedly, at the service of his country. If he had looked a fool, trying a new stunt, he wouldn't have cared. He'd have tried again. He didn't, as it happens, "look a fool." In the welter of "soap opera" with which we are currently afflicted (through our own apathy, I think), there are a handful of good writers trying to do an adult job in radio. Their success has been enormous. The letters of appreciation pour in to Arch Oboler, Norman Corwin, and Norman Rosten every time their material is heard. And even above these, the people—the millions who listen to the radio—loved Steve. After one of his broadcasts, then indeed did the mailman feel the weight of public opinion.

A lot of good writers, trying radio, have found that the word which was good for the eye was ineffective for the ear. A lot of highly successful radio writers have found that the word which is perfect for the ear cannot stand the scrutiny of the eye. But Steve's words stand up—eye, or ear, or mind, or heart. In this collection, the honesty, skill, and integrity of a great patriot shine out as surely in his radio plays as in his books.

And the modesty of the man! Maybe personal reminiscences don't belong in a book review, but the readers of this collection should know with what generosity they were written. Time and again I've gone to Steve and told him there were going to be some people listening somewhere—that those of us who felt as he did wanted to say something to them—that I was the mouthpiece. Never did he fail to send around a script or his suggestions with a pencilled note: "Perhaps this will help. Change it as you will—I have no pride of authorship in times like these. Just get it said."

In this volume, "United We Stand," I think you'll find that a great American met the challenge of his time.

—SRL drawing by Frances O' Brien Garfield
Stephen Vincent Benét

The plays were written, piecemeal, as occasion called for—in hot anger and cold conviction. Long before the rest of us, "he deeply felt and clearly willed."

I am an actor—a man concerned, primarily, with the spoken word. These plays were spoken plays, and I had the honor of doing many of them. Steve is dead, and the plays have been spoken, and the radio turned off. But the fire and honesty of them lives on paper. We'll always need every word of Stephen Vincent Benét. Put them next to "John Brown's Body," on your shelf, and when you get a chance, read them out loud.

Raymond Massey has appeared in, directed, and produced plays in London and New York. He is also a distinguished motion picture actor.

Monument

By Sgt. Hargis Westerfield

PITIFUL little pigpens of coral
Where men grovelled and rooted
Under the red blaze, the acrid smoke
Of the searing Nipponese grenades:
Abandoned perimeter in the scrub
Where the rifle platoon once huddled,
Comrade upholding comrade: only
Volcanic black heaps of coral
Overgrown by the wet green ferns—
And rusty Nip helmets, unravelled
Khaki puttee in the yellow muck
Of the shallow Japanese graves.

Forgotten this perimeter; lost its coordinates;
It lies in the brush above the network
Of roads in the new built Naval
Base: the bombers hum over it
Bearing new blasts for Tokyo. Nobody
Keeps one individual memory
Of a few men's courage;
It is part of a greater memory.

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China's Mass Education Movement

TELL THE PEOPLE. By Pearl Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 1945. 84 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by HOMER P. RAINEY

PEARL BUCK has become one of America's best interpreters of modern China. Her extensive knowledge of China and her enthusiasm for things Chinese have given her a wide audience of American readers. In her most recent work she gives an enthusiastic account of the origin and development of a mass education movement in China during the last twenty-five years. This movement was led by a group of young intellectuals of China—the leading spirit of which was James Yen. The current volume is based largely upon a series of personal conversations with Yen, the founder of the movement.

Miss Buck sees in this mass education movement in China not only a means of improving the education, health, and bad government of the masses of China, but a new technique that can be employed to great advantage in other countries of the world where the masses are illiterate, hungry, and badly governed. This plan has proved so successful in China that its leader is being called to other parts of the world to teach other peoples how to use it. It has been started, for example, in Mexico and Cuba and gives promise of vastly improving the educational opportunities of millions to whom education is now denied.

Fundamentally, the idea back of this movement is a rather simple one. It is the same idea that was developed first in England and then in America in the early part of the nineteenth century by Lancaster and came to be known as the Lancastrian System. In the absence of an adequate supply of trained teachers, the best and most advanced pupils are used to teach the others. It is a method that is particularly useful in such countries as China and Mexico where the standards of education are low and where the need is great.

This book is an interesting and highly readable account of how Yen became interested in the problems of his people, and of the methods that he used in getting this movement started in China. One of the first and most difficult problems that had to be overcome before the movement could succeed in China was the simplification of the Chinese language. This language is one of the most complex and difficult in the world. The masses of the people simply couldn't master five thousand separate characters. Yen worked out this simplification while

Pearl Buck

he was in France during World War I. He reduced the language to one thousand basic characters for the words most commonly used. Once this problem had been solved he was faced with another. They had nothing to read. Reading material had to be prepared and supplied in large quantities. The publication of a newspaper went a long way toward meeting this need.

Miss Buck argues forcefully that this plan offers great hope as a means of educating millions of people in a hurry and it must be done in a hurry if we are to have world reconstruction. "There is no time to wait for the long processes of education as we know it," she says. "Education must proceed through reconstruction. The people must learn while they do. While they go to school, they must rebuild." The writer is in hearty agreement with this point of view. Education is the basic factor in the improvement of a people's well-being, and since three-fourths of the peoples of the world are illiterate there is a staggering job of education to be done. It must be done in the quickest and most economical ways that can be found. In this movement which has already demonstrated its effectiveness on a wide scale in China can be seen a genuine hope for its extensive use in many other areas of the world.

Homer P. Rainey, former President of the University of Texas, is currently involved in a dispute with the Texas Board of Regents on the issue of academic freedom.

Lafayette to Washington

THE LETTERS OF LAFAYETTE TO WASHINGTON, 1777-1799. *Edited by Louis Gottschalk. Privately printed by Helen Fahnestock Hubbard. New York: The Marchbanks Press.* 1944. 385 *pp.* $15.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE great majority of Lafayette's letters to Washington, as of Washington's to Lafayette, have of course long since been published. Indispensable to a full understanding of the Revolution, the correspondence has a warm personal interest, abounding in human touches. But hitherto the text of Lafayette's letters has left much to be desired, being seldom complete or accurate. Jared Sparks's copies (now preserved in the Harvard Library) have been the basis of most publications, and Sparks was guided by editorial rules of a somewhat primitive sort. Moreover, the letters written after the close of the Revolution have been available only in a French translation in Lafayette's memoirs. This beautiful volume designed by Edward Alonzo Miller and Edward Laroque Tinker, therefore meets a distinct scholarly need. It collects all the letters that can be traced; it gives the full and precise text; and it offers them in the language of the original. Dr. Gottschalk's introduction, we may add, furnishes an expert interpretation—one which, like his biography of Lafayette, is friendly yet realistic. The whole volume is an admirable monument to the late John Hubbard, whose collection of Lafayette material furnished its basis.

Most of Lafayette's letters pertain to the five years 1777-1781 which saw the Revolution carried through crisis to victory; but the Frenchman was anxious to maintain relations with his great leader, and did so until Washington's death. He was at pains to inform Washington of the influence of the American Revolution upon Continental sentiment. The patriotic courage of the American people during the struggle had "excited universal admiration," he noted. He was delighted that "every one who cares anything about the Rights of Man is an enthusiast" for American principles. A little later he sent word that "the new Constitution has been much examined and admired by European philosophers." But the letters also unconsciously indicate the sharp limits of American influence. People applaud the United States in theory, but they "know very little of the advantages of democratical governments," he laments in 1786. The generous enthusiasms failed to find practical application. Some of the later letters shed light on European political affairs. The chief interest of the volume, however, is in lighting up a great and noble friendship.

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Strictly Personal

IT'S NO CRIME

I WAS leaving my office. The night wire had been connected to my desk. The bell rang. On the other end was a troubled but tender woman's voice. It sounded past middle age. She would never tell me her name. She kept repeating that I would never know who she was. She wanted to see me. She was in trouble. Would I see her for a few minutes, and never try to find out who she was?

Into my office walked with gentle step a gray-haired smallish lady, deep in her fifties or early sixties. In her hand she carried the current issue of *Harper's Magazine* and a neat uninitialed trim leather handbag. Her shoes were simple and sturdy. Her hat was a hat, not just a blossom or bow, becoming and uncostly.

She told me her troubles in rapid rhythm. Born in Russia, she had lived in New England for many years. A cultured happy existence, self-supporting, a schoolteacher in a private school, no wealth but no great desire for "things." First citizenship papers had been taken out. But now if there should be a war with Russia would she be put into a concentration camp or deported? She wanted an answer, yes or no.

It was a quite irrational inquiry. I tried to calm her down. There would be no such war. Even if there were, the concentration camps would be clean and decent. There was nothing to worry about.

All my advice made no impression. She was deeply torn. I became increasingly inquisitive as to the real base for the profound disturbance in the gray-haired lady's mind.

To deflect the talk I picked up her magazine. There was an article on education. We discussed college entrance requirements and the default of our public school educational systems. After a long time I gained her confidence—or, at least, she was at ease.

"I don't want to know your name—but, tell me, why don't you complete your citizenship? You'll have no trouble in getting final papers. I'll be glad to help."

And then this poured out—poured in the sense of an overfull vessel gaining relief from pressure by overflow. Her cup of suffering rather than joy ran over.

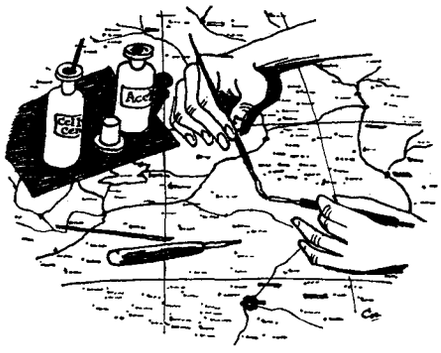
"About a year ago I was leaving a department store in my home city. At the door a hand squeezed my arm. I still feel the finger tips. I looked down and saw that along with my purse I was carrying a small bottle of perfume. I must have taken it off the counter. I was arrested as a shoplifter. I went to jail. I gave another name. I've been in jail for months. I just got out. Not one of my friends knows anything about this. I've had to lie and lie and lie about where I've been. It's been horrible—even worse than the time I spent in prison.

"And so you see my problem. If I go to get my final citizenship papers they will ask me if I have ever been convicted of a crime. If I say yes, they will turn me down. If I say no, those same fingers will grab my arm again, and I'll be jailed for perjury. You never will see me again. You don't know my name or where I live. That's why I can tell all this to you. Please help."

The very telling had done her some good.

Some months previous to this talk I had represented a very rich woman who was accused of shoplifting. With a $90,000 a year income, she nevertheless had a habit of picking up vagrant little pieces of lace from store counters. She had bureau drawers stuffed with these samples and bits. At that time, I had made up my mind that this was no crime. It was a disease—an odd ailment. Surely our penologists and doctors must have the answer. There must be a wide medical distinction between the case of shoplifting for resale or use, and those other cases where there was lifting for no known purpose. I consulted my old friend, Dr. Menas Gregory, one of our leading psychiatrists in New York City. I went to Baltimore to interview the Johns Hopkins staff, and I read what literature I could find on the subject.

And so to this gray-haired stranger I could offer relief.



"You have had measles, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"You won't get it again, will you?"

I listed all the other infant diseases—chickenpox, mumps, whooping cough. I don't recall which she had experienced in her youth, but she got the point. She wouldn't get them again. She had had measles—once and for all. That was finished forever. This was my moment. "You have had shoplifting. You'll never get it again. It's a sickness."

I had learned enough from my rich lady's case to be sure and dogmatic. I explained how shoplifting, where people do not resell, is rather peculiar to women. We know little about this urge, but the established facts seem to indicate that it is often a concomitant of psychological and physiological causes.

She cried tears of relief. She opened her purse, took out two dollars, put them on my desk, puckered her lips as if she were throwing me a kiss. Her final handclasp was my real fee. I knew she was cured. She was whole and clean. Social stigma for a crime inexplicable was no longer scarring her mind and emotions.

The gap between society's ignorant and cruel impact on citizens and the truths of science not yet divulged is the area of misery. And still we go on incarcerating shoplifters, homosexuals, Lesbians, and thousands of people whom we think of as deviators from the herd, people who need treatment and understanding instead of punishment and prison food.

It takes time for society to place in their proper pigeonholes the deviators from presumed mass behavior. It's too easy to condemn in big, broad, all-inclusive brackets. It's comfortable to feel superior by the condemnation of others. We boost ourselves by knocking others. It's less than respectable to delve too deeply into odd inner springs of human behavior, particularly if they relate to sexual mores. And the press—the great potential educator of us all—is timid and weak. Only recently was the word "syphilis" found in print or heard on the radio for the first time. Until these words are out in the open the mind of man seems incapable of tackling the problems which the taboo of the words relegates to ignorance. Venereal disease is not only curable but preventable—but we had no chance of doing much as long as the press enforced a silence on the subject. It's an insult for the newspapers still to use words like "statutory crime." It's a hopeful sign that in the recent filthy Lonergan scandal, spread out so fully in most newspapers, the word "homosexual" was actually set up in type for news-

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paper readers to read. Our defense of the Lesbian book, "The Well of Loneliness," was a victory of some value, since the book was attacked not because of words but because it dealt with a theme which up to that time had been deemed obscene.

The only essential obscenity in life is stealth, and cowardice, and concealment. Life isn't black or white as Hollywood pictures it. Life is gray for most people. A girl in the pictures takes a drink—she must end up a sot. If she has an extramarital or premarital affair she must be punished on the screen and converted into a whore. The penalty of sinning is suffering, says Hollywood. This just isn't true, thank God.

It's too easy to paint the two ends of the rainbow—leaving out the middle. But the films go still further, toying in tawdry fashion with the social borderlines of permissible sexual behavior. Their test is: How close can we go without being jumped on by Will Hays? That, I submit, is filthy and obscene! To skirt up to the forbidden is childish indecency. It reduces the end product to the diet of a child, and develops an immature population inculcated with the idea that matters sexual are impure.

MORRIS ERNST.

This is the second of two "preview" articles from the forthcoming book, "The Best Is Yet," by Morris Ernst, to be published by Harper & Bros.

The Editorial Opinions of Max Lerner

PUBLIC JOURNAL. Marginal Notes on Wartime America. By Max Lerner. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 414 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by VIRGINIUS DABNEY

THIS is a collection of something over a hundred articles (or signed editorials) which the author published in the New York newspaper *PM* during 1943 and 1944. Regular or occasional readers of *PM* will have a rather clear idea of Mr. Lerner's social and political orientation and his approach to the current scene.

PM might be termed 200 per cent New Dealish. Its chief quarrel with President Roosevelt is that he doesn't go far enough, and it belabors him from time to time for compromising with reaction. Among administration stalwarts, the paper's supreme hero is Henry Wallace. As *PM's* chief editorial writer, Mr. Lerner expresses its general point of view, and the present volume reflects that attitude. Like PM, he is strongly anti-fascist, pro-democracy, pro-Russia (with reservations), anti-Dies, anti-Pegler, anti-Franco, anti-Darlan, pro-Negro, anti-Sewell Avery, and so on.

Those who have followed Mr. Lerner's books and articles in the past will know that he has a keen and inquiring mind, and a provocative and incisive pen. His contributions to *PM* are among the most stimulating features of that paper. The collection under notice reflects his predilections and his dislikes.

Every volume of newspaper editorials or articles necessarily suffers by virtue of the fact that many of the issues treated therein are, in the nature of the case, somewhat fleeting and transitory. Questions which have the nation by the ears one week may be almost forgotten the next, as some new development replaces them in the public mind. "Public Journal" contains pieces whose urgency of impact has largely evaporated with the passage of time, but Mr. Lerner has been successful in holding such material to a minimum. In the familiar phrase of E. M. Forster, he writes in a "room with a view." His articles have perspective, and often treat of questions which are apt to be with us through much of the post-war era.

Mr. Lerner's themes are mainly serious, but he strays occasionally into considering such comparative trivia as the ways of jitterbugs or the amours of Errol Flynn. However, on such excursions he not infrequently points a *PM*-esque moral, as when in "Dionysus and the Hepcats" he concludes: "Let the kids dance. But why can't we rid the dance of its tinsel and commercialism? Why can't we build better homes and schools and community centers for the kids to dance in? And most of all, why can't we build a great culture that they can dance *for*, a way of life that they can celebrate?"

Max Lerner

As one who favors a broad and all-embracing democracy, Mr. Lerner addresses himself frequently to the need for a wider participation by government in the lives of the people. More government planning, more public works, more leadership on the part of the Federal authority in developing projects for the benefit of all, have important places on his editorial agenda. Conversely, he is vigorously against most forms of big business, and especially monopoly. The National Association of Manufacturers is one of his principal *bêtes noires,* and the plan of Bernard Baruch for reconverting our war economy to peacetime uses is, in his mind, just another way of turning the country over to the plutocracy.

Mr. Lerner's editorials are generally well-constructed, piercing, and allusive. If they are written from a single viewpoint to a greater degree than is usually the case with newspaper comment, *PM* is a journal with a largely predetermined attitude toward public issues.

In these editorials one encounters occasional nuggets, such as the amazing quotation from the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, who gave an interview to *Liberty* magazine during 1939, when the Nazis were sweeping everything before them. The doctor said, among other things: "Hitler is invincible because he has love on his side. . . . He loves his country with such passion, such concentrated zeal, that he draws to himself unknown forces that work with him and strengthen him." No wonder Dr. Carrel died under the suspicion that he was collaborating with Vichy to no good ends.

I find only one inaccuracy in Mr. Lerner's book. It occurs when he attributes the Virginia Declaration of Rights to George Mason and Thomas Jefferson. The world is sufficiently indebted to Jefferson without crediting this to him. He had no part in the preparation of the Declaration, and himself gave all the credit to Mason. Mr. Lerner mentions Mason first, and to that extent is correct. At least he does not duplicate the astounding feat of an organization called the Bill of Rights Sesquicentennial Committee. This agency with headquarters in New York brought out a volume in 1941, on the 150th anniversary of the Federal Bill of Rights, with no fewer than fifty-nine contributors, and not one of the fifty-nine so much as mentioned the name of George Mason!

Mr. Lerner's careful scholarship has protected him from any such egregious performance as this, of course. He has given us a well-written, hard-hitting, cogently-phrased series of chapters embodying the political and social philosophy with which he and his paper have identified themselves.

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A LITERARY EXHIBIT AT THE WAR TRIALS

WE don't know whether there will actually be a trial of the war criminals, or, indeed, whether Adolf, Hermann, Joseph, Heinrich & Co. will be available for the occasion. Let us assume, however, that there will be such a trial. Like everyone else, we would be itching to put in our two cents. It would take the form of a suggested brief statement by the prosecutor for the United Nations. Like this:—

PROSECUTOR: I have here a highly essential piece of evidence. It is called Exhibit A, not only because it is the first piece of evidence to be introduced at this trial, but because it helps to set the background for everything that will follow. It is also, may I say, the most conclusive single exhibit that will be offered at this trial. It is a book.

In giving this exhibit precedence over the others, I do so not because I am partial to books, but because what I have here happens to represent, in effect, a signed confession. It will make our work much easier if we familiarize ourselves with it—that is, if we are not familiar with it already—for it is a comprehensive and authentic self-indictment.

This book, of course, is "Mein Kampf." There is little question that it is the most important and incriminating book of the twentieth century. It is also by far the most effective book of the twentieth century. I should like to cite some figures. For every word in "Mein Kampf," 125 lives were to be lost; for every page, 4,700 lives; for every chapter, more than 1,200,000 lives. An expensive literary property.

Does anyone here deny the cause-and-effect relationship between this book and those lost lives? An entire nation actually committed itself to carrying out the ideas in this book. Let us open the book and see what some of those ideas are. We shall take them up in order.

The first main idea is that Germany was tricked out of victory in the last war, that she was never beaten on the field of battle, but that a combination of lying enemy propaganda and traitorous elements on the home front brought about the request for an armistice.

The second idea was that Germany had a sacred mission to redeem that failure, whatever the cost to Germany or the world: "Defeat will be the inspiration of a great future resurrection." In order to accomplish this, it would be necessary to crush democracy all over the world. This conflict was inevitable; Germany must prepare for it. "Either the world will be governed according to the ideas of modern democracy, and then the weight of any decision will result in favor of the numerically stronger races, or the world will be dominated in accordance with the laws of the natural order of force, and then it is the peoples of brutal will who will conquer." War is the highest mission of life. "Mankind has grown great in external struggle, and only in external peace does it perish."

The third idea was that success was inevitable, but only if Germany made a virtual religion of the leader principle, pooling all the physical and human resources in one vast reservoir where rigid filters would screen out any types or ingredients which the leader decided were impure. The new Germany would be the "organization of a community of physically and psychologically similar living beings for the better facilitation of the maintenance of their species and the achievement of the aim which has been allotted to this species by Providence." "Self-confidence must be inculcated in the young national comrade from childhood on. His whole education and training must be so ordered as to give him the conviction that he is absolutely superior to others."

The fourth idea was that this filtering process would result in a superior race, automatically entitling that race to a corresponding geographical, economic, and political superiority over the inferior peoples; namely, non-Germans. "All who are not of good race in this world are chaff." The leader would have power to determine what was to be considered a good race. Thus, Orientals were not good, but an exception was to be made in the case of the Japanese, where special biological factors intervened. "Struggle is always a means for improving a species' health and power of resistance and, therefore, a cause of its higher development." Even should struggles be lost, those losses need only be temporary if the blood is kept pure. "Men do not perish as the result of lost wars, but by the loss of that force of resistance which is contained only in pure blood."

The fifth step is the expansion of the movement to its natural limits. "Every world-moving idea has not only the right, but also the duty, of securing those means which make possible the execution of its idea. Success is the one earthly judge concerning the right or wrong of such an effort." There must, however, be no questioning its *rightness*. "The greatness of every mighty organization embodying an idea in this world lies in the religious fanaticism and intolerance with which, fanatically convinced of its own right, it intolerantly imposes its will against all others."

* * *

It was taken for granted in all this that Germany would have to go to war. "We must clearly recognize the fact that the recovery of the lost territories is not won through solemn appeals to the Lord or through pious hopes in a League of Nations, but only by force of arms."

At the same time, the League of Nations must be frustrated at every turn. All efforts at coöperation among the democracies, in fact, must be upset at any cost. World peace must be disrupted. "Germany can have only one ardent wish; namely, that the spirit of misfortune should hover over every conference, that discord should arise therefrom, and that finally a world peace which would otherwise ruin our nation should dissolve in blood and fire. And one can hope that out of this struggle the possibility might arise for Germany to enter upon the stage of world historical events as a performer."

* * *

These were the architect's plans for this war. If it should seem astounding that an entire nation would follow them, consider that a nation is only a collection of individuals, and that

(*Continued on page* 66)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"What's Wrong with Newspaper Editorials?"

SIR: With Mr. Virginius Dabney I mourn the decline in the influence of the newspaper editorial page. The Tory publisher tightens his grip on his writer's throat, and, well, the climate is not hot for producing liberal editorials!

Mr. Roosevelt was elected repeatedly over the dead bodies of opposition newspaper publishers. But before we inter them for their loss of political influence, may we halt the hearse at yon tavern? Some new evidence may turn up in our steins, such as:

1. Every opposition newspaper has given the President priceless front-page publicity, chiefly to gain circulation, no doubt, often while instructing its writers to lambaste his acts on the editorial page within.

2. Although, as far as I know, no advertiser can buy, at any price, display advertising space on the front page of any of our leading dailies, the value of the publicity already given the President, figured in terms of advertising cost for space on inferior (because inside) pages, easily would run into a huge sum, doubtless millions of dollars.

For example, a headline, "Roosevelt Signs Blank Bill," might cover white space approximately 16 inches wide (8 columns), and 1 inch high. Eight column-inches, on an inside page, would cost an advertiser upward of $145 in a single New York daily, $173 in Chicago, $67 in Detroit, $95 in San Francisco, $39 in New Orleans) based on rates for 1940).

3. Probably the President has been given, free, gratis, and for nothing, more front-page publicity than any two prior occupants of the White House, for several reasons: his New Deal social reform programs have been on the side of the sensational, against a conservative background, and were especially newsworthy for mass consumption; Mr. Roosevelt already has been thus publicized continuously for 12 years—fifty per cent longer than other durable Presidents; newspaper circulations are appreciably larger than in the past.

Even trivia, such as "FDR Nominates 9 for Full General," "Roosevelt Urges Sustained Effort," "FDR and King in Trade Pact," and "Fala's a Father," commands front-page position, with one-column heads.

4. To countless newspaper scanners, a newspaper is like some people we know: all front and no back! They observe loosely the front page and are quite oblivious of the editorial page. Mr. Dabney observes this point in his interesting article. For such, the opposition newspaper plays Santa Claus, not Shylock, to Mr. Roosevelt.

5. So important is "name publicity" to many larger advertisers that they employ writers to supply newspapers with editorial matter containing one or more name mentions only lightly perfumed with advertising propaganda. Mr. Roosevelt receives this type of publicity (a) in astronomical quantities, (b) continuously, (c) everywhere, (d) in the newspaper's prime position, the front page.

It seems clear that newspapers *could* minimize news of politicians' activities, in amount and display; *could* relegate it largely to the back pages; *could* use titles instead of proper names, reducing their beneficiaries virtually to anonymity.

Could be that the political influence lost by newspapers is more apparent than real!

W. T. HUDDLE.

Highland Park, Michigan.

"Helen's a juvenile delinquent now. She's just finished a course in it!"

SIR: As an editorial writer for the *Boston Herald-Traveler,* I was much interested in Mr. Dabney's indictment of editorial pages in general. He placed much of the blame upon publishers ignorant of the news end of the newspaper business and of the world in general outside cash registers. This may be true in many cases. But in many more the editor-in-chief has grown too fond of getting his material out of papers and books. He shuns personal contact with the live, outside world. Living somewhat like a monk in his ivory tower, he prefers caution to the expression of views which would stir his reader. He avoids controversy as something which might disturb the status quo. Too old or fuzzy-minded, too insular or smug to dare take a chance on an editorial which might arouse a flood of condemnatory as well as laudatory letters, he basks in a deceptive calm which must be shattered if editorial pages are ever to recapture their erstwhile prestige. Too often the editorial branch of papers is made a refuge for misfits who have grown too old or ponderous for the news branch. Too often the editorial style chugs along on one nineteenth century cylinder in an age when the radio commentators and syndicated columnists zip at airplane speed.

As Mr. Dabney says, most editorial pages need new blood, new men of ability who can lift them out of the doldrums. Shifts of editors rather than publishers would be the remedy on many papers.

LAWRENCE DAME.

Boston, Mass.

"Tomorrow Will Sing"

SIR: Mr. Rothman's review of my book, "Tomorrow Will Sing," raises an interesting point. Mr. Rothman elected to ignore the book as a piece of writing, good or bad, and chose to focus his attention on the basic premise of the story: that the Italian people are fundamentally good and, given half a chance, will prove it.

It would seem to me that in his role as book critic, Mr. Rothman would have been closer to tending his affairs in granting my premise as my privilege as author, and then criticizing what I did with it. However, in a larger sense, I suppose he can justify his right to deny my thesis. The question is, what personal qualifications and experiences does he possess to validate that denial?

My qualifications for my stand are listed in the book, and are here repeated and somewhat amplified. I was stationed in Italy until quite recently in my capacity as an officer of the Army Air Forces. In the process of gathering material for an official Army Air Forces history of the theatre, I traveled all up and down Italy, living in small towns, in villages, for many months. During the course of my work

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in Italy I listened to the people, heard reports of their complaints and approvals. Furthermore, in civilian life, for twelve years I was a newspaperman.

I have with my own eyes seen countless examples of goodness and decency on the part of Italian peasants, and have heard countless more. I have seen authenticated reports which tell of the help of untold numbers of Italian peasants to Allied airmen shot down behind the lines—help given, frequently, at risk of life. Many Americans and British fliers are safe today because of the underground in Italian cities and farms.

I have also seen authenticated reports indicating that for many years there has been a widespread disaffection in Italy for the Mussolini government and many instances of small open revolts.

I have not, as Mr. Rothman wrote in his notice, shown "a body of Italian townsmen remarkably democratic in instinct." In the first place my Italians are farmers, not townsmen, which is a small point but important, and none of them are "democratic in instinct." What I wrote instead, was that most of them were limited in their political horizons by their own farms and their own daily problems, and that few of them had any interest in their government—but, and this is the important but, that when strangers treated them with decency, their own natural individual instincts of similar decency were aroused, and that once their surprise at being so treated was ended, they reacted in like manner.

Mr. Rothman says that newspaper stories showed "crowds that shouted under Mussolini's balcony and in the squares were not made of lovers of liberty and private conscience." I submit that is a pat and meaningless sentence. I repeat, however, that I was not writing about people in Rome. I also point out for Mr. Rothman's information that anyone acquainted with Italian fascist politics knows that of the number of persons who gathered under Mussolini's balcony, a great portion was part of the hired equivalent of a professional fascist claque. Furthermore, there were crowds who used to gather in the Boulevard St. Michel in Paris to listen to the Croix de Feu boys, and mobs who used to cheer Sir Oswald Mosley in England, but I do not believe Mr. Rothman would advance the argument that the French peasant or the English farmer is predominantly fascist. There were large crowds who used to gather here to listen to Huey Long and to some of our own local fascists as well.

It is my thesis that simple people generally are good people. I found it so before the war when I traveled back and forth across Europe as a newspaperman, and nothing I have seen since has changed my mind. I am not arguing the literary worth or lack of literary worth of my book. I do argue that my conception of my characters is sound. I would like to ask what personal knowledge and background Mr. Rothman possesses to deny this conception. And I do not wish to be reminded of newspaper headlines.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Rothman Replies

SIR: Captain Arnold is angry with me on two counts: first because I have not tended to my affairs (that is, I have not granted his premises and judged his book as a piece of writing, good or bad), second because he suspects I have not the personal background and experience with which to question his premises. All I can say about his first complaint is that we differ on the function of a reviewer. In most serious novels the idea is more important than the writing—always excepting the work of one so original as Joyce, or so dynamic as Wolfe. Particularly in the case of a novel like Captain Arnold's, which treats of the political problems in a war-torn area, the ideas and premises and solutions involved are far more vital than the subordinate matters of style. Naturally if the writing had seemed to me remarkably fine or notably poor, I should have said something about it. Barring that, it seemed to me most important to come to grips with the premises.

The major premise, Captain Arnold says, is that the Italian people are fundamentally good. If that is his premise, I deny it. The Italian people are not fundamentally good, or fundamentally bad; no people in the national aggregate are fundamentally good or bad. Nor is it true, as he says later on, that simple people generally are good people. Simple people are simple and good people are good. They are not synonymous. People, as people, behave in certain ways under certain compulsions, and the ways in which they behave depend upon their history, which is the education of a people, and the immediate necessities of circumstance. A fundamentally good people, therefore, would not have tolerated the crime of Abyssinia, or, before that, the internal crimes of Mussolini's gangsters. Certainly there were voices raised, individual deeds of heroism. There are good people everywhere. But that is not the major premise. A good people, let me add here, may not be defined as those who appreciate being treated decently. A good people will not treat others indecently.

As to my own personal experience, Captain Arnold would seem to have me there, but that is only a semblance. I have not been to Italy, but I do not feel that I am therefore disqualified from understanding anything about Italian affairs. Other people, like Captain Arnold, have reported what they have seen, and if I take the trouble to read what they have written, always including the daily history recorded in the newspapers by men who are on the spot, I think I may arrive at some comprehension of the scene. Otherwise, what good would even Captain Arnold's report be to me, unless I could go in person to check up? Thus, in the matter of the shouting under the balconies, I do not believe a professional claque (which undoubtedly existed) could account for the mass approval Mussolini received in the heyday of his successes. Mr. John T. Whitaker has written that the Italian people gave Mussolini a free hand, and I have at hand, by no coincidence at all, a quotation from Borgese's book, "Goliath," very much to the point:

> The regimented crowds, utterly devoid of love and hatred, tramped to his palace, there to learn whom they must hate, and the vacuousness of their passion, like a sail manoeuvered by the boatman, took the wind from above. . . .

I wasn't there, but Borgese was.

Yes, we had large crowds who used to listen to Huey Long and to some of our local fascists. Simple people, perhaps good. They are still ready to listen. There are still those who would address them, here and elsewhere. That is our fight. In "Tomorrow Will Sing" the fight seemed over and won, and that is a premise I felt it important to negate.

NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.
New York, N. Y.

"Just think, we're not more than sixty hours from any place on the globe."

Retraction

In Trade Winds, *SRL*, January 13, the statement was made that Edmund Wilson was leaving for a long European trip and that Hamilton Basso was in line for Wilson's old post. *The Saturday Review* has been informed by *The New Yorker* that this item is misleading, as it may indicate that Mr. Wilson is leaving *The New Yorker*. *The New Yorker* states that Mr. Wilson is going abroad for a brief period, that he will continue to contribute to the book column during his absence, and that several other critics will do the "spot reviews" while he is away. Furthermore, Hamilton Basso is but one of the interim contributors and will not succeed Mr. Wilson.

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Report from Hollywood

ABEL GREEN

RANDOM contrasts on Hollywood *vs.* Broadway:

On the Coast they're more Jap-minded. In the East, of course, we're out to kayo the Nazis first, and then the Nips.

The Hollywood studios cry: "get me a good writer." The average associate producer would give his kingdom, well half of it anyway, for a good writer. The dearth is appalling. No question but that the expert scripter, dialogician, and screen playwright is the future king of Hollywood. Maybe it took Hitler, with its inroads on the young, creative brains to prove it, but the QED is certainly there.

The answer is that Nunnally Johnson and that type scripter is the answer to the producer's prayer and the average topflight author's future. Johnson left a $4,000-a-week sinecure at the Zanuck factory in Westwood to go with Leo Spitz and Bill Goetz's International Pictures in order to participate in the capital-gains system. Others ditto.

The whole town is indie unit production crazy. The ninety per cent tax bite is back of it. Under the capital gains setup they have a chance to keep seventy-five per cent of their profits; as hired hands they're bums and have to go out to square themselves with Morgenthau.

Television is another hot topic. Everybody's video-minded. That goes for both the pix and radio studios. The filmites see in their shorts the pioneering type of entertainment which will be telecast for some time. The broadcasters, already cramped for studio space around Sunset & Vine, are debating whether to build video studios in San Fernando Valley, or where? Also, they argue, they want to retain control of televish, and not let it get out of radio's hands as did commercial broadcasting with the advertising agencies running the works. On one thing do both pix and radio agree: Hollywood should be the capital of television. (When I argued that New York with its legit has a decided in, and since video will be the blending of all three arts—stage, screen and radio—I almost lost my option.)

Speaking of radio, Earl Carroll's 1,500-seat cabaret-theatre has set a vogue of cocktails for studio broadcasts. Mind you, the sponsors don't take the rap for the libations, but by coincidence Carroll has his large bars open for the convenience of the cuffo customers who come to the broadcasts of some of the biggest radio shows to originate from Hollywood, and the $250 to $500 rental he collects from the sponsors for the use of his hall is as nothing compared to the liquor he can sell.

And speaking of niteries and eateries, here's another peculiar Hollywood custom. Celluloid names who are household words throughout the land and in many a foreign country; cinemagnates whose dynasties control the lush living of a hundred upper-bracket people, all become putty in the hands of the average headwaiter in Hollywood. The maitres d'hôtel rule the

roost at Chasen's, LaRue's, The Players, Romanoff's, the Brown Derby, Somerset House, Mocambo (and its new straight diningroom annex, the Crillon), Ciro's, etc. If you don't put a couple of headwaiters on your regular weekly payroll you're a dead diner. Just try and get service at the right hour of a Thursday or Sunday.

Everybody gripes about food shortages but somehow the at-home parties come out plenty on the epicurean side. In line with the disciples at the shrine of Escoffier, there's a little bistro out Santa Monica way run by vet movie director Roland West (no longer active), whose Chez Roland West features "haute cuisine" (it says in big red letters on the marquee), with prices to match. West has a scale that makes Gene of the Colony and Jack & Charlie look like busboys. Chez West is the old Thelma Todd place where that ill-fated actress ran a roadhouse. West is a disciple of Yogi who will tell you he stands on his head facing the east for twenty minutes each morning in order to grow hair. Has never been abroad, fancies himself a California road company of Brillat-Savarin, features sauces which are more Hawaiian than Continental, and is writing a book titled "My Second 50 Years." Speaking of Hawaiian food, Don the Beachcomber's is still the No. 1 stopoff.

Hollywood is in for a post-war boom which is limited not only to Los Angeles but must extend right up the coast to Seattle. Every GI who is given a lift by film folk, en route from the Hollywood Canteen, expounds on the "marvelous weather" and the fact that "it's unbelievable that it is so pleasant here in January and February when, back home in Iowa (or Kansas, or wherever it may be), it is twelve below zero."

The Waldorf-Astoria is set for a Beverly Hills branch, and is said to have a site all bought on Olympic Boulevard, near the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Macy's will build and Saks-Fifth Avenue, which already has a Bevhills shop, will move to a much larger establishment.

But basically Hollywood is a serious, very hardworking community. They all earn their $3,000 a week and are welcome to their ulcers. The average producer or writer gets in at 9-9:30 and punches a clock, six days a week, more assiduously than we do in New York.

The casual visitor will marvel at the luxuries and comforts of such on-the-lot appurtenances as private commissaries, private barbers, private masseurs, steamrooms, etc. But when you consider that they live on the lot sixteen to eighteen hours a day, lunching and dining there, seeing rushes into the early a.m., that's merely another form of luxurious slave labor. And what do they get out of it—just a lousy fortune!

Abel Green is the editor of Variety.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 95

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 95 will be found in the next issue.

SGVT AZ POZ CFGH TOZMZ POZ

XAJMZBB FGH LAMPCZ FMZ

ZLECZLB VD HZZHB POFP FMZ

HVGZ KG POZKM XCKLZ?

—EAMVG—EMKHZ VD FEAHVB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 94

A RADIO ANNOUNCER TALKING WITH OOZING AGGRESSIVENESS, LIKE SYRUP IN A HURRY.

—ROBERT LITTELL.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In Washington, the indefatigable John Gunther, collecting material for his "Inside the United States," arranged personal interviews with thirty-nine Senators and fifty-two Representatives.

◆◆ In Ossining, the Hopf Institute of Management, working with the Psychological Corporation, is preparing a survey for the Book Manufacturers' Institute that will endeavor to determine how much of the present boom in the sale of books can be expected reasonably to continue when so-called normalcy is restored. The publishers would settle cheerfully for fifty per cent.

◆◆ In Natchez, Mississippi, birthplace of Richard Wright, the editor of the local newspaper refused to print an advertisement for "Black Boy." "It is against our policy," he explained. *What* is against his policy? Literature? Tolerance? Common decency?

◆◆ In Montreal, Louis Untermeyer, reading aloud a saccharine and corny poem, suddenly stopped and asked his audience, "What do you think of this poem?" Wilfred Werry, secretary of the Canadian Authors' Association, answered, "I should say it was still in the process of Eddie Gestation."

◆◆ Also in Montreal, the famous millionaire, Harry McLean, who stops traffic by throwing hundred dollar bills out of windows, read Billy Bishop's "Winged Peace" three times, liked it, and phoned Viking's Canadian representatives. "How many copies have you in stock?" he asked. "Somewhere around two thousand," was the answer. "I'll take them," said McLean.

◆◆ In Hollywood, MGM purchased an original scenario by Craig Rice and Jerry Horwin, called "Banned in Boston." The heroine is the daughter of a Beacon Hill Brahmin who writes a torrid historical novel under a pen name. Her ingenious press-agent hires a luscious model to parade as the authoress, and make personal appearances all over the country. Boston bans the book and there is hell to pay in general. This may ring some kind of a bell if, as Kip Fadiman once remarked, you're wired for sound.

◆◆ In Portland, Oregon, a customer told Phyllis Ballou, "I like Crime Club mysteries. When they put their veto on a book, I know it's O.K."

◆◆ In New York, Dick Tregaskis, author of "Gaudalcanal Diary," completed his first novel, "Stronger Than Fear," prepared to return to the Pacific for *The Saturday Evening Post.*

◆◆ In Annapolis, the Naval Academy, primed to celebrate its centennial in October, is checking the proofs of a new Whittlesey House book entitled "The U. S. Naval Academy: The First Hundred Years," with 300 illustrations, many in color.

◆◆ In Palm Beach, a beautiful girl approached Nat Wartels, of Crown Publishers, and asked him to teach her to swim. "We were progressing wonderfully," says Nat, "until an officious lifeguard came along and made us go into the water."

◆◆ In Colorado Springs, Boardman ("Mike") Robinson volunteered to sketch some of the boys in uniform at the Municipal Recreation Center. One marine watched him in absorbed fascination, and then remarked, "Seen your best days, ain't you, Pop?" Mike, just turned sixty-nine, and bursting with vigor and bounce, didn't take too kindly to this sally, and the marine sought to make amends. "Cheer up," he urged. "That's a nice hobby you got there."

◆◆ In Manhattan, a millionaire manufacturer's beautiful young wife walked out of his duplex apartment, taking a few odds and ends with her—everything, to be precise, but his view of the park and three books: "Exit Laughing," "The Golden Ass," and "Blood, Sweat and Tears."

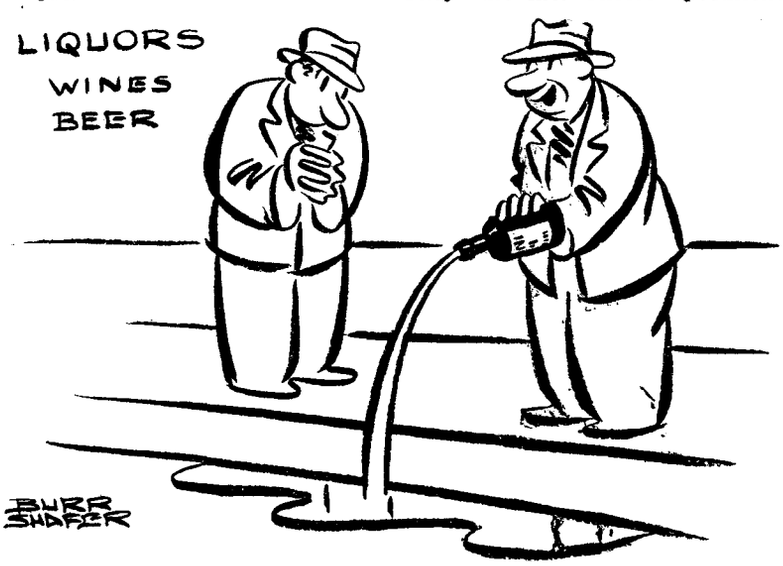
◆◆ In Fort Lewis, Washington, a local librarian was stumped when a diffident young man asked for a book written by "that eminent French author, Risque."

◆◆ In London, Sax Rohmer (real name: Arthur S. Ward) announced sadly that the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu, the diabolic Oriental who had been his meal ticket for twenty years, was a casualty of the war. "The Chinese Government insisted that Fu was influencing the world's opinion of the Chinese," said Rohmer, "and was not the sort of propaganda they expected from an ally. So I had to put the old boy in drydock—just when I had lined up a stunning Hollywood contract for him."

THE CURRENT REVIVAL of interest in the works of Henry James will soon receive fresh impetus in the shape of a volume of his best stories, edited by Clifton Fadiman, a re-issue of three of his best known novels in a handsome new format by Scribner's, and a motion picture production of "The Wings of the Dove" by David Selznick. Dr. James S. Greene, Medical Director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, now comes forward with the theory that James's literary style and the whole pattern of his life were conditioned by the fact that he was an incurable stutterer.

"Like many stutterers, James never came to grips with reality," declares Dr. Greene. "His lengthy writing and involved style were employed to disguise his mental detachment, and stem directly from the psychology of the stutterer. . . . He added not a little to the prestige of stutterers, at least in the eyes of Thomas Carlyle, who wrote: 'He confirms an observation of mine that a stuttering man is never a worthless one. It is an excess of delicacy—excess of sensibility to the presence of his fellow creatures—that makes him stutter'."

"499 SCOTTISH STORIES for the Price of 500" is the eye-catching title of a new collection whipped up by B. C. Forbes, well-known business analyst. They kilt me. Choice specimen: An



"I just want a bottle—I'm going to build a ship in it."

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"Whoops, I'm quittin', Gert! He's got my story in the okay pile!"

Aberdonian walked into a high-class restaurant, dined well, and, paying his check, pushed a penny toward the efficient waitress. She looked at the picayune tip, registered dissatisfaction. "Even the champion miser of Aberdeen tips us tuppence when he eats here," she declared. The unabashed Aberdonian waved his hand and announced dramatically, "Gaze on the new champion." Mr. Forbes announces that there will be no free copies, that the $2.02 price covers a two-cent royalty to associates who did most of the work, and that he thinks this is the perfect volume to send your worst enemy. . . . Thumbnail description of a distinguished uptown publisher in his latest spring ensemble: A direct hit on a paint factory. . . . George Bye, the lit'ry agent, is now doubling as a justice-of-the-peace in Stamford. Lowest marriage rates in Connecticut. . . . Jimmy Durante, asked to account for his unquenchable ebullience, hazarded, "I guess I'm just a human domino." . . . Wallace Stegner is Houghton Mifflin's new editorial representative on the West Coast. . . . Edward Laycock has been appointed the literary editor of the Boston *Globe*. . . . Bob De Graff, the Richard Halliburton of Publishers' Row, is home just long enough to hatch a half-dozen new projects. . . . Henry Commager vouchsafes this explanation of the origin of "O. K.": President Van Buren signed documents with those initials. They stood for the name of his country estate, Old Kinderhook. . . .

BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS: A famous producer bought a ranch that he proposed to use as a haven to get away from it all. His wife, however, had different ideas, and invited at least thirty people down for every weekend. The producer walked in on one typical brawl and heard his wife bemoaning the fact that she hadn't yet thought of an appropriate name for the ranch. He looked over the assembled guests with distaste and cried, "I've got it! Bar None." . . . Mrs. Pat Campbell's visit to Hollywood will not be forgotten for a long time. She insulted more big-wigs in a fortnight than Pegler could dust off in a lifetime. Dining with the late Irving Thalberg and his bride, Norma Shearer, she startled her host with the observation, "I simply adore your wife's looks. Such tiny little eyes!" Mary Pickford she greeted with "Oh, yes, you're Mr. Hearst's little girl!" The hostess of her last weekend party on the Coast asked her to write something in the guest book. Mrs. Campbell scrawled "Quoth the raven," and signed her name. . . . A Culver City Caesar told his assembled yes-men, "Boys, I had a terrific idea last night—but I didn't like it." . . . Do not let the tawdry and utterly dishonest advertisements for "Colonel Blimp" deter you from seeing one of the finest pictures of the past five years. Another superior picture from London is "The Silver Fleet." . . .

RIDING IN A PARLOR CAR on the C. and O., Laura Armitage noticed that a pretty girl in the seat opposite had nothing to do. "Would you like to look at my copy of the *SRL?*" asked Miss Armitage with a friendly smile. "No, thanks," answered the girl. "I have a sister whose fad is reading, but my fad is men."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

SAGE QUARTER by BERNICE KELLY HARRIS is full of the picturesque expression of isolated folks, North Carolina isolated folks. A switching is called a frelling; to physic the ailing is what doctors do. But the name Nurmama which was baby talk for "Nother Mama" sticks throughout the book. And it reminds me of the peculiar names the Zulu parents give to their children in Natal. One father had six daughters and he was fed up with the situation. But he risked another try and the seventh child was born as its mother crawled into a bush by the roadside, seeking privacy. The bush was right across from a school where the students were taking a final examination. The child was identified as a boy. The father's joy was unbounded, and in exultation he named the boy Matriculation Examination No Girl.

Sage Quarter is also full of beautiful, touching little things. In Chapter 10, Tiny, the heroine-to-be, wakes from a child's dream and tries to save it. Tiny had climbed up on a white cloud to the top of a tree. "Then the tree had started playing music, and there had been such a sweetness of waterbrook bay blooms and wet violets and thorn roses—she had reached for Stonewall's new lead pencil with which to write down the pretty words of the music-tree song." Then she woke up, and saw her sister's shoes by the bed. "Ruby's shoes that skipped and hopped and climbed where they mustn't were stilled."

Years later Tiny followed an old saying, if old-field mullein, a weed used in the making of cough syrup, was turned and blew away, she would meet her future husband in the next man who came along. A ridiculous superstition, but compelling, and how nice to use the weed for something other than cough syrup. Tiny turned, the wind blew, and Stonewall came back—just the person she had always loved. Wistful, like the book.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

MISS TAYLOR'S RETURN

A LADY, obviously no psychologist, once encountered William Lyon Phelps on the street in New Haven. "I hope you won't mind my telling you how much I enjoyed your lecture yesterday?" she asked. "Madam," beamed Professor Phelps, "you misunderstand me entirely. I am a glutton for praise."

All of us are. Praise has never made anyone unhappy. We like it even when we do not believe it. We tire of it only when it is bestowed too long on other people. It is a music we do not object to having played off-stage. Although it may shame our consciences and insult our minds, it does no damage to our ears. So long as we remember that it sings the song not of what we are but of what we wish we were, it probably does not hurt us.

But the advance praise we hear of a book we have not read or a play we have not seen is another matter. Genuine and well meant as it is, if too unstinted it can do harm. Not to us, but to what it has been lavished upon. We take such praise seriously. It sends our hopes skyrocketing. It prepares us for a miracle in a world where miracles are infrequent.

To the book or play in question it presents a challenge few works can survive. Critics (and what playgoer or reader is not one?) are never more gluttonous than when it comes to *giving* praise. When disappointed because of the praise bestowed by others, we forget our own guilt in anticipating reactions or, worse still, raising expectations. We remember only our present disappointment. At such moments we are tempted to understand why managers employ, ungratefully, though not unreasonably, the word "raves" to describe reviews which find hats tossed so far in the air that their owners' heads are lost sight of.

I raise these general questions with a specific instance in mind. Recently I had the good fortune to see "The Glass Menagerie,"* but the bad fortune to see it after reading the reviews and hearing ecstatic reports about it from Chicago. Although Tennessee Williams's fantasy is a play I would not have missed, I wish I had missed both the reviews and the advance reports. At least until later. I wish I had missed them because Mr. Williams's play was forced to live them down. It was compelled to struggle against them much as a joke, however good, is condemned to a harder hearing when introduced by some witless fellow who insists upon laughing first, and then saying, "Oh, that reminds me of a very funny story."

A play would have to be a masterpiece indeed to compete with what has been said about "The Glass Menagerie" both in Chicago and New York. Mr. Williams's script, I am afraid, is not that masterpiece.

It has its high, its shimmering virtues. It is blessed with imagination. It has its many lovely moments. It is the kind of play one is proud to have the theatre produce, and pleased to sit before even when disappointed in this scene or in that. In any season it would be uncommon; in this season it is outstanding. It is the work of a mind both original and sensitive. Although it follows trails blazed by Thornton Wilder and William Saroyan, it manages to walk down them with a gait of its own.

IT is as promising a first play as has been seen hereabouts in many a year. As set and directed, its unusual merits are admirably preserved. It is acted to perfection by Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Were there no other provocations for seeing it, Laurette Taylor's performance would, in itself, be a compendium of irresistible reasons.

Mr. Williams's is a play of moods; a study in frustration. Its plot is nonexistent, at least so far as plotting is ordinarily understood. It is too close to the heart of life to bother about story-telling merely for the sake of telling a story. To attempt to suggest its qualities by outlining its actions would be as unfair to "The Glass Menagerie" as it would be to try to suggest the qualities, say, of "The Three Sisters" in terms of a synopsis. No one can deny that "The Three Sisters" is about three Russian women who want to go to Moscow and never get there. Yet to say this—and only this—is to omit the wit, wisdom, perception, and autumnal radiance which make Chekhov's play one of the wonders of the modern stage.

Mr. Williams bases his drama upon an incident rather than a plot. The only story he tells is how an impoverished Southern mother has her hopes dashed when she learns that the Gentleman Caller, who has at last come to see her crippled daughter, is already engaged. But Mr. Williams's interest does not stop with this story. His concern is what lies under the surface of events. He deals with those small happenings which can loom so large in the lives of unhappy people. He shows us the hopes such happenings can quicken, the memories they stir, the transformations they are able to effect, and the despair they often evoke.

His drama is projected as a memory, seen at moments not only through the actual gauzes provided by Mr. Mielziner, but in flashes through the thicker curtain of time itself. Mr. Williams's is the simplest kind of make-believe. The narrator he employs is the crippled girl's brother. The scenes we are invited to share are this brother's recollections. They are recalled to him when, as a merchant sailor in a foreign port, he sees objects in a store window which remind him of his sister's glass menagerie at home.

We move back in the sailor's life until we encounter the nagging and the dulness which drove him to seek the release of the sea. We learn of his hatred of the factory in which he worked; of his need for escape; of his incessant movie-going when (as Mr. Williams puts it), in the company of millions of other Americans sitting in darkened theatres in the pre-war years, he let a few Hollywood actors have all his adventures for him.

With this sailor brother we enter the poor home his memory has recreated. We inhale the honeysuckle of his mother's Southern recollections. We overhear her steady, soft-voiced scoldings, and understand her exasper-

Laurette Taylor

THE GLASS MENAGERIE, a play by Tennessee Williams. Presented by Eddie Dowling and Louis J. Singer. At the Playhouse. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Original music by Paul Bowles. Staged by Mr. Dowling and Margo Jones. With Laurette Taylor, Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross.

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ation. We meet the crippled sister, too. She is a girl who lives in the dreams summoned by the music of her Victrola records and the small glass animals in her collection to which she has given her heart. This sister is painfully shy. She is denied life by the selfconsciousness her braces have forced upon her. In an overstressed moment of symbolism, Mr. Williams insists that, because of her deformity, she is as out of place among her healthy contemporaries as is the glass unicorn in her menagerie among the commoner animals.

We learn how this girl blooms under the attentions of a happy extrovert who cannot marry her. We also eavesdrop on her when, at last, she consents to face the boy her brother has asked home from the factory for a humbler version of the "Alice Adams" dinner party. Above all, we understand the decision of the brother, being what he was, to go to sea.

Mr. Williams writes about his characters warmly, with a sympathy that is constant and yet probing. He knows how to etch them in line by line, so that before the evening is over we know them well. We are on intimate terms even with the hard-drinking father who has deserted them and is represented only by a shoddy photograph on the wall. But, in spite of Mr. Williams's perceptions and the quality of his play, his writing lacks the impact of Clifford Odets's phrasing and the ultimate radiance of William Saroyan's feeling.

Full though his heart is, Mr. Williams's drama sometimes proves empty. I found that it lost my interest even while it held my admiration. Fascinated as I remained by the way in which its lines were spoken, it became difficult for me to keep my mind (in the second act) on every line that was being spoken. I was certain of my respect for the play in general, but increasingly aware of Mr. Williams's uncertainties.

Perhaps this was because, unlike Chekhov, Mr. Williams permits us to become uncomfortably conscious of how slight is the incident upon which he has based his play. Perhaps it is because his dialogue is not always active enough to compensate for the lack of action in his story. Perhaps it is because he allows us to know too much too early about all his characters except the charmingly written and played Gentleman Caller. Perhaps it is because Miss Taylor is off-stage for so long a scene in the second act. Or perhaps, as I have hinted, it is because the praise the play had won in advance had led me to expect that miracle which is every critic's hope.

Certainly it is not because of either the production or the acting. Miss

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Haydon, as the crippled girl, is giving one of the best of her ethereal performances. There must have been a railroad on Prospero's island. And on the wrong side of its tracks Miss Haydon must have been born as Ariel's sister. She plays now, as she has always played, in self-created moonlight. She plays, however, with a new richness to her voice, a new authority, and a new variety.

As her brother who is both merchant sailor and desperate movie-goer, Mr. Dowling makes an interesting distinction vocally between his duties as a narrator and a participant. He approaches both tasks with the charm, tenderness, and ingenuousness which are his. One of the proofs of his skill is that his acting seems simplicity itself. Mr. Ross, who has been around for some time, comes into his own as the Gentleman Caller. He catches to the full not only the geniality but the pathos and shaken pride of the young man whose great days have already passed, because his years in high school as a singer, athlete, and class idol are behind him.

But the evening's performance—more accurately, the season's—is Miss Taylor's. She casts upon the play and upon the audience the kind of spell one dreams of falling under in the theatre. The mother she acts is a drudge, plump and frowsy. A nag, too. Yet Miss Taylor leads us back into that mother's white-columned past while never sparing us the sordidness of her present. Miss Taylor has only to mention youth to summon it.

When she turns upon her son to ask, "Why? Why? Why?," she does not read those three questions as any other actress would. On her tongue they become one word, composed of three short, desperate syllables, each one of which is equally stressed, and equally stabbing. Among the virtues of Miss Taylor's playing is that, unlike most Northern actresses undertaking a Southern role, she has not acquired one of those Rebel accents calculated to start a new Secession. Her Southern accent is as subtly achieved as are all of her points. The simple truth is that, just as no advance praises of Miss Taylor have been extravagant, so no subsequent tributes to her can be sufficient.

Anyone, for instance, can list John Mulholland's props. But it takes Mr. Mulholland to perform his tricks. Even then, they cannot be followed or explained. The same thing is true of Miss Taylor's art. Although Mr. Mulholland is known as a professional magician and Miss Taylor as a professional actress, she makes us realize once again that, regardless of what a magician must know about acting, the actress and the magician can be, indeed should be, one.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

IN THE REMINISCING MOOD

A great many poems have been written about the good old days of childhood when hearts were young and gay. Quoted below are fragments of ten such works. After reading them, can you recollect the poet and the poem? Allowing 5 points for each answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 58.

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
   When fond recollection recalls them to view!
2. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
   Make me a child again, just for tonight!
3. I have had playmates, I have had companions
   In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays—
   All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
4. Oft in the stilly night, ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
   Fond memory brings the light of other days around me.
5. There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
   The earth, and every common sight to me did seem
   Apparelled in celestial light,
   The glory and the freshness of a dream.
6. Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough!
   In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now.
7. When I was a beggarly boy, and lived in a cellar damp,
   I had not a friend or a toy, but I had Aladdin's lamp!
8. I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
   The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn.
9. Often in thought [I] go up and down
   The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
   And my youth comes back to me.
10. How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
    Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!

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It is this: a special fund of $50,000 is being set aside which will be used for the sole purpose of helping a number of promising novelists get their books written.

Every writer who fits into this plan will, of course, have convinced our editors that he or she is sufficiently gifted to be worth such help. We may make mistakes. We hope, though, that the net result will be the publication of quite a few novels that might not otherwise get written.

One of those novels may for all we know exist at the moment only in the mind of a GI with our armies in Germany. Another may lie half-written, in the desk of a war worker. Members of the armed services or war-workers will be staying on their jobs for some time to come, of course. But they can plan ahead, and we want to help them.

How this can be done will depend upon the individual situation. One successful applicant might require an immediate lump sum, another might best be helped by a weekly or monthly amount.

Whatever is agreed upon, Simon and Schuster will have the right to publish or not to publish the eventual work, as the editors see fit. In the event of a final turn-down, the author will be free to take the manuscript to another publisher. If the book is then published elsewhere, the author will repay to Simon and Schuster the amount advanced when his earnings from the novel permit.

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A Texan in England

J. FRANK DOBIE

IF in the blacked-out night you hear rollicky voices singing anywhere in England, nine chances to ten they are American. A cultivated lady told me that two years ago she would have been shocked to hear such voices, now heard nightly on the streets of London, Manchester, and other cities. I should add that many citizens have come to delight in them and to wish that more of them were native. This is not wishing for the impossible; a people may vary in temper from generation to generation without changing their essential nature. I think that Englishwomen incline more towards Elizabethan gusto than their men. They look sturdier on the whole, have sturdier manners. The old English families have been kept vigorous by careful selection of the females that the males breed to. Americans, conscious of the fact that they have the world by the tail with a downhill pull on it, and uninhibited by the cult for quiet manners, are more Elizabethan than the English.

* * *

This has nothing to do with bravery, stamina, tenacity. The bulldog never howls one tenth so loud as the potlikker hound. The ideal of daring so often phrased by Mr. Churchill has in this war been quietly acted out by a hundred thousand Hotspur pluckers of bright honor leaping into the ice of air and ocean, diving into volcanoes of fire, performing little, nameless unremembered acts of duty and decency.

The Lords in Parliament assembled sit on benches that not even a legislator from Arkansas would look at—unless he were electioneering among farmers. The capitol at Washington has more luxuries, paid for by the government, than any other statehouse in the world. One freezing morning I asked a charwoman at Cambridge if she weren't cold, scrubbing with bare arms the floor of a room colder than a cold storage plant. "Me arms get so cold," she said. "Then why don't you wear a coat?" I asked. "I have to be free to work," she replied and went on scrubbing, and as I walked away I heard her singing. The boys at Winchester School, noted for its recognition of brains in individuals, sit on the same backless benches that pupils used in the same rooms two hundred years ago. Many village houses are without running water even in the kitchen—not unlike many farmhouses in our South. Comfort, with the softening effect it is supposed to have on the human system, is far less worshiped in England than among Americans who have cultivated the idea that the English are effete.

* * *

Wallace Notestein tells how the daughters of a wealthy landlord, politician, and improver of cattle breeds and of land cultivation a hundred and fifty years ago, "were made strong by discipline. They were given simple food and not allowed to have a fire in their bedrooms or a hearthrug in their schoolroom." The midwinter regime of an English school for girls calls for running naked through a stone hall and jumping into a pool of cold water. The water can't be so cold as the hall however. The Arctic explorer Nansen was once asked if he had not suffered from cold in the far North. "No," he replied, "before I went north I had become accustomed to English bedrooms." The Cavendishes, according to Notestein, "invariably hunted, whatever the weather; the Duke seemed to think it a test of manhood to go shooting regardless of the elements." Thomas Bewick, great English wood engraver, born near the Scottish border in 1753, delighted as a youth in the society of farm laborers. From one of them, a man with stern-looking brows, high cheekbones, quick eyes, and longish visage, Thomas learned what he knew of astronomy. "I think I see him yet," he remembered, "sitting on a mound or seat by the hedge of his garden, regardless of the cold, and intent upon viewing the heavenly bodies." What may not the viewers of chaste celestial bodies, as cold as abstract virtue itself, miss by viewing them from the steam-heated comforts of Lick Observatories?

* * *

Mark Twain complained of a lack of anecdotes among passengers on an ocean voyage. Americans were absent, was his explanation. The modern anecdote among Hollywood-adoring, radio-stupefied Americans is apt to smell of Hedda Hopper gossip, Walter Winchell pre-war smartness, radio jokesmiths, and beer-bottle horseplay. Oldtime pioneer stock, people I have cultivated all my life, are the best tellers of character anecdotes that I know. And character anecdotes are the best anecdotes in the world. The English and the Scotch and the Irish always have been meaty with anecdotes. They still are.

An old woman in a village in Cambridgeshire was drawing the warrant for her first old-age pension.

"Your ticket to heaven," the clerk said, handing it to her with a patronizing smile.

"Not exactly a ticket," the old woman replied, taking the warrant, "but it will make the waiting room a little more comfortable."

* * *

An old London woman was in bed in an upstairs room that was sheared half off by a bomb one night. Rescuers found her still in bed and insisted on taking her to better quarters. She refused to budge until her stockings had been found and brought to her so that she could put them on before stepping out.

* * *

While German guns were firing their final shots across the Channel to the Dover coast, a reporter found an old woman polishing her brass as she had polished it daily for fifty years, although not a window in her house was left with a shard of glass.

(*Continued on page* 44)

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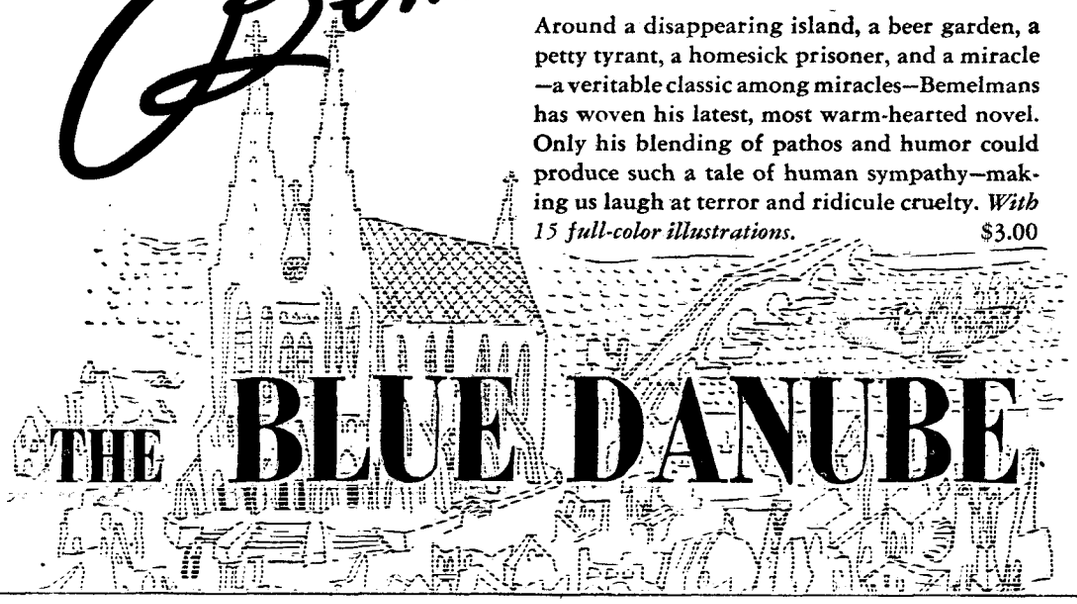

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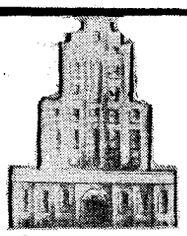

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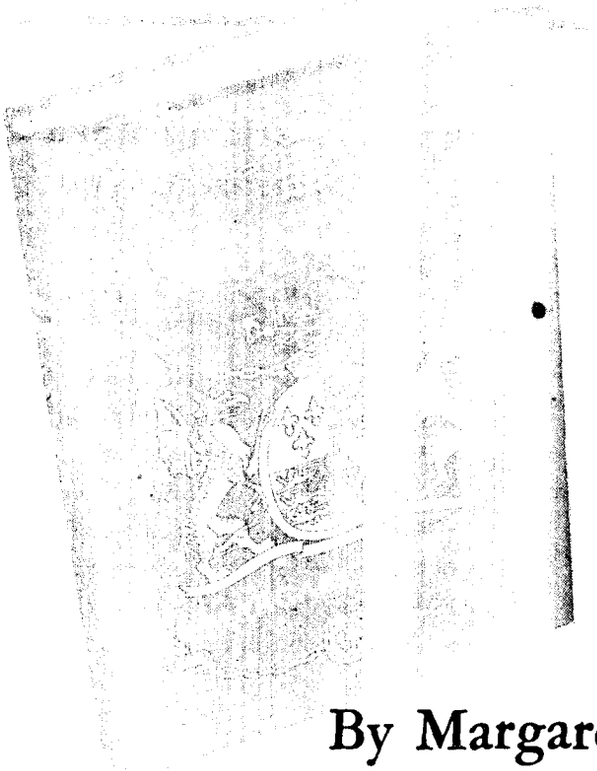

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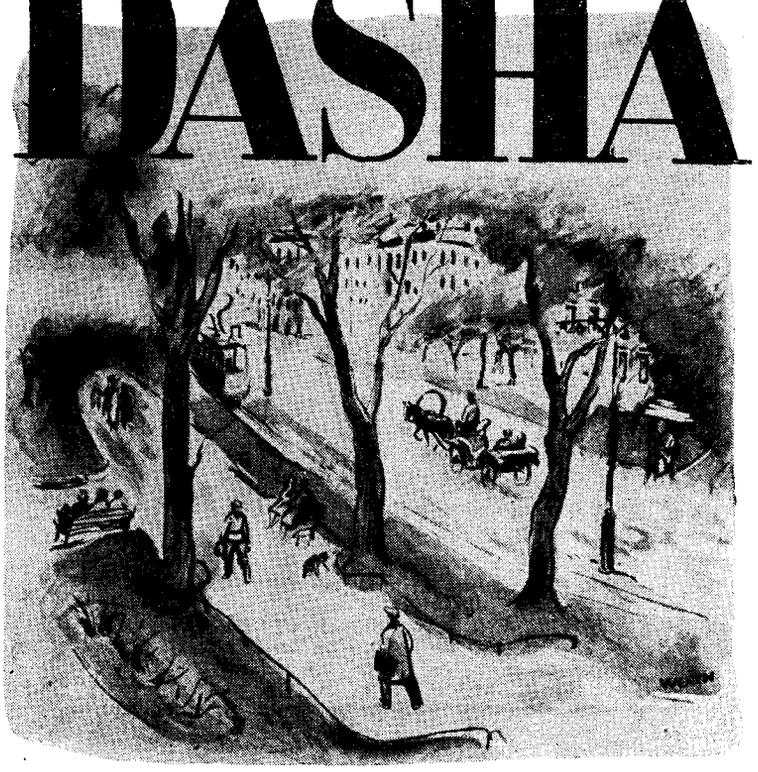

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(*Continued from page 40*)

"No need to have dirty brass," she remarked, "even if we don't have any windows."

* * *

In the eighteenth century two brothers of the Cavendish family, "famous for dignity and reticence," stopped one night at an inn and were ushered into a bedroom with three four-poster beds. One of the beds had the curtains drawn around it. Before getting into his own bed, the older brother went over to the drawn curtain, held his candle up, and looked inside. He redrew the curtains and said nothing. Presently the other brother walked over also, drew the curtains, looked in, closed the curtains, and said nothing. Then they blew out their candles and went to sleep. The next day on the road each discovered that the other had seen a corpse in the curtained bed. This is English reticence.

It makes me think of a story of a noted old stagedriver named John Dunn at Taos, New Mexico. He used to drive passengers up to Taos over the mountains, when there was not much of a road, from the railroad many hours' journey away. One morning he took on a load of four or five passengers, among them a woman of pathfinder inclinations who insisted on sitting with him on the driver's seat. She began by exclaiming at the scenery, soon progressed to cautioning him at steep places and, in between, machine-gunned a barrage of questions that showed more ignorance than sensible curiosity. At the end of the journey the passengers got out and a quiet man asked what the fare was. "Two and a half," the old rawhide replied. Each passenger paid, the pathfinder woman coming last. She handed over a five-dollar bill. John Dunn put it in his pocket and turned away.

"Where's my change?" she asked.

"Ain't any."

"But you told the others the fare was two and a half."

"They didn't talk."

* * *

The nearest approach to volubility that some Englishmen make is in expressing their own reticence. One evening Scottish J. M. Barrie, whom Peter Pan is not likely to let die, and A. E. Housman, who taught Latin at Cambridge while he restrained the Shropshire Lad, sat together at dinner and then at wine without saying anything. The next day Barrie wrote a note:—

Dear Professor Housman: I am very sorry about last night, when I sat next to you and did not say a word. You must have thought I was a very rude man; I am really a very shy man. Sincerely yours, J. M. BARRIE.

Reply came back at once:—

Dear Sir James Barrie: I am sorry about last night, when I sat next to you and did not say a word. You must have thought I was a very rude man; I am really a very shy man. Sincerely yours, A. E. HOUSMAN.

* * *

The day after the invasion opened, June 6, I met an English friend who still suffers from wounds received as an infantryman in the last war. I said, "I feel in a kind of daze. The facts are too stupendous to be comprehended." He replied, "I suppose there are a certain number of people who have suspended work until things settle down a bit." He was not suspending his work. Yet I know him to be made out of nerves. He will explode on some such subject as the lackeydom of climbers who are fortifying themselves in snug home nests while their betters disappear into obscurity in remote parts of the earth, fighting the war. If the earth were cracking under his feet, he might suspend his round of daily duties in order to help build a bridge across the crack so as to carry on the duties over the chasm.

On the evening of the same day I went down to the Cam River to hear the Cambridge Madrigal Singers give their annual concert. They were in boats, and their voices coming down the water and over the gardened lawns and up into the trees were beautiful. I say up into the trees, for the cawing rooks up there seemed to enjoy it. Every few minutes zebra-striped Mustangs, Lightnings, or other planes, painted for the invasion, would whizz by overhead, and in a way they also added to the harmony. The singers did not seem to notice them any more than nightingales notice barrage guns.

* * *

The mother of a young English scientist working in a Washington laboratory said to me, "Our son writes that most of the men he is working with over there are forty years old and older." Then she added, "Nearly all our scientists are very young or very old. In the last war most of the young men going in for science were killed." They volunteered, in fact, for the most dangerous jobs, jobs often that they were not the best fitted to do. They were not selected, sorted out, for technical work as young scientists have been directed in this war by the British and American governments, and by Germany as well.

* * *

I know who started the lie that every Englishman will stand till the last Frenchman dies. I could say who has been most agile in repeating it in America. The most moving war memorial—and every village and town in Britain has its memorial of the last war—I have seen anywhere is in Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge. As you enter the anteroom, you see the figures of Newton, Bacon, Macaulay, Tennyson—not that Trinity is lacking in other notabilities. Walking down the long, dimly lit chapel, you come to an inscription on the marble tiles of the altar floor. It reads: IN MEMORY OF THE MEN OF THIS COLLEGE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN WAR, MCMXIV-MCMXVIII. Then on twenty-six panels, thirteen to each side, you see the names engraved. Six hundred and fifty of them, in alphabetical order, good names plain and strong, plainly engraved. Six hundred and fifty from only one, though it is the largest, of the score or so of colleges that make up Cambridge University. I cannot convey the feeling of national tragedy expressed by those lists reaching up to the stained windows along the lofty walls and back into the shadows of the altar. These young men and others like them from colleges all over the land were to have been the leaders. Well—

If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

This article is drawn from a forthcoming book by Mr. Dobie, "A Texan in England," based on his experiences in Cambridge University as visiting American professor last year. The book will be published next month by Little, Brown & Co.

Burst of Bombing

William Davison Schorger

OUTRAGEOUS burst of bombing on the plain,
Obliterating golden memory.
In shrapnel wails, the thoughts that still remain
Are not of what has passed or what will be.
A vortex spinning on the instant act—
Face against earth and muscles tense;
The mind in groping finds essential fact
In fatalistic odds of pseudo-sense:
The heart of darkness, beating down desire,
And making soft intangibles give way
Before the tempered facts of cannon fire,
And how the sudden killed will weave and sway.
Concussive moment, lacking even name;
With rocking wind that nearly snuffs the flame.

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Farrar & Rinehart

PREVIEW of a "TRUE BILL"...

WE HAVE read all, or almost all, of the books that have been published in the last several years dealing with the problem of what to do with Germany, and we are struck by one thing: the authors of these books have almost always written them from a particular point of view. Either they had a personal stake in Germany, or were quite obviously out to prove a pet theory, such as that the Germans are insane and should be treated from the standpoint of psychiatry, or Germany should be thoroughly destroyed, or left to work out its own destiny, or there should be a particular type of European or world organization into which Germany should be forced.

All this made for interesting discussion, but led more to heat than to enlightenment. It seemed to us, with respect to Germany, that what was needed was a book which would put the events of the last twelve years in Germany into their proper perspective — written as dispassionately as possible by someone who had first-hand knowledge but had no personal axe to grind. We now have the manuscript of such a book; it will be published May 24; its title is THE GERMAN RECORD, and its author Dr. William Ebenstein.

BACK in 1942 we published several pioneering books which helped considerably in making America aware of what the German threat to the world really meant — THE GERMAN UNDERGROUND IN SOUTH AMERICA, THE AXIS GRAND STRATEGY, GERMAN STRATEGY OF WORLD CONQUEST, THE WORLD OF GENERAL HAUSHOFER and THE NAZI STATE—this last written by Dr. Ebenstein. (The War Department has acknowledged the usefulness of these books by purchasing thousands of them for its combat propaganda courses.) Of these, THE NAZI STATE—which was the first full study of the Nazis' governmental machinery, their political theories and party organization—has been of particular value and still sells steadily month in and month out.

WHAT Dr. Ebenstein set out to do in THE GERMAN RECORD—and has succeded magnificently in accomplishing—is to examine the entire history of the Germans from the time of their earliest encroachments upon their neighbors, on: their social and political organizations; the effects upon them of their own wars, of the Industrial Revolution, and of political movements in other countries; the philosophies of their actual leaders (Frederick the Great, Baron Vom Stein, Bismarck, Hindenburg, the Junkers and industrialists) and the subservience or impotence of their political theorists and intellectuals.

From the 13th Century Order of German Knights, who elbowed their way into Poland by murder and arson, through Frederick the Great, who invented the technique adopted by Hitler of consuming neighbor nations a little at a time ("leaf by leaf, like an artichoke" was the way Frederick put it), the German path of deceit and conquest runs unerringly to Schacht and Ribbentrop, Hitler and Himmler.

The GERMAN RECORD

A POLITICAL PORTRAIT

By WILLIAM EBENSTEIN

May 24 **$3.00**

WHEN you have read THE GERMAN RECORD you will understand why the ideal of individual human freedom has never taken root in Germany, and why Germany's conquests and technology have so far outstripped her capacity to evolve satisfactory political forms either for self-government or for her conquered territories.

DR. EBENSTEIN is at present Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin. Though he writes passionately of his subject, it is with the authority of a scholar. He is as objective as Dr. Ditmars considering the habits of the rattlesnake or moccasin, as thorough and relentless as a district attorney presenting evidence to a grand jury. THE GERMAN RECORD is documented at every point. The evidence is voluminous and overwhelming. Both Socialists and Communists receive their share of the blame for allowing the Junkers to remain in control after 1918. Several sections of the book deal with the techniques of German propaganda in this country—both past and *present*. He has some specially interesting comments to make on certain celebrated German emigrés, now in America, who remained remarkably silent during Hitler's rise to power.

DON'T however, assume that Dr. Ebenstein merely presents an academic discussion. THE GERMAN RECORD burns with the hatred of a decent man for evil in all its form—the more eloquent because of its bitter restraint, its relentless piling up of fact on fact. It not only inserts the scalpel, it twists it. And Dr. Ebenstein's own proposals for the future immobilization and re-conditioning of Germany are perhaps more drastic than any yet advanced by others.

Of this we are certain: without an understanding of the history and psychology of the German people there can be no hope of a sound and lasting peace. This is what THE GERMAN RECORD will supply. From May 24 on every discussion of the German problem, official or otherwise, will almost inevitably have to deal with the material in this book.

Your bookseller will be glad to reserve a copy of THE GERMAN RECORD for you, for delivery on publication.

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Miss Young's Tale of Two Utopias

ANGEL IN THE FOREST: A Fairy Tale of Two Utopias. By Marguerite Young. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 313 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN telling the story of New Harmony and its two Utopian experiments, that of the pious Father Rapp and that of the impious Robert Owen, Marguerite Young follows in the footsteps of George Browning Lockwood, and, at a greater distance, in those of His Highness Duke Bernhard of Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, who made his own investigations and comparisons of the Rappite and Owenite communities during his travels through North America in 1825 and 1826, and returned to Weimar to publish his *Reisebericht* in 1828, after submitting it to the critical eye and critical pen of the aged Goethe. The ducal travel-journal and the ducal views of Messrs. Owen and Rapp have, incidentally, been quoted at great length recently in a learned monograph by Erich Küspert, entitled "New Harmony, Ein historischer Vergleich zwischen zwei Lebensanschauungen," issued in Nuremberg, in 1937. But there is no particular evidence that Miss Young has leaned on Mr. Küspert, while there is ample evidence that she does owe a great deal to Mr. Lockwood, whose admirable study, "The New Harmony Communities," was printed in Indiana some forty-odd years ago.

This does not mean that Miss Young has not done a thorough job of surveying her chosen field for herself. One concludes that she has, that she has examined and used the available mass of Owenite literature: the voluminous writings and addresses of Robert Owen himself, including his account of his own life; the almost equally voluminous utterances of his friends and hostile critics; the works of his biographers, notably Podmore; the writings of Robert Dale Owen, particularly "Threading My Way"; the old files of the *New Harmony Gazette;* and the papers of Thomas and Sarah Pears, edited in 1933 by Thomas Clinton Pears, Jr. She has also visited New Harmony itself, inspected the lingering traces of its famous days, talked with its present inhabitants whose knowledge of those days is either dim or non-existent, and given us evocative impressions of the scene by the banks of the Wabash as it appeared to her in the summer of 1940.

But when all this is said, one is still impressed by the debt that she owes directly to Mr. Lockwood. His subject is her subject, his proportions are almost her proportions (naturally enough, since information regarding the Rappites is scanty while that regarding the Owenites is full), his quotations are often her quotations; even as he bunches for description the famous scientific names associated with New Harmony, those of MacClure and Thomas Say and Charles Lesueur, so she bunches them (again naturally enough); and in one instance she even borrows from Lockwood a neat phrase that might well have been put in quotation marks, or been in some other way acknowledged. For he wrote: "Robert Owen had met the Waterloo of his communistic schemes, but he

Marguerite Young

retired from a field of hopeless defeat as if he had been the Wellington, rather than the Napoleon, of the contest." And she writes: "Shortly after this speech, Robert Owen departed again for England—lecturing in the East before he sailed, but as if he were the Wellington, not the Napoleon, of that Waterloo."

Yes, there is little doubt that George Browning Lockwood should have been given credit that has not been given in this volume. But Miss Young is a poet who feels no compulsion to burden herself with bibliography or index, or even to provide a brief list of her sources. She usually prefers paraphrase to direct quotation, and the curious reader who wishes to check with her authorities, who wishes to determine where she found this fact and that patch of color, will have to chart his course for himself. Lockwood was a plodding man of research, while she is a creature of light and air. He was a barnyard fowl, while her plumage is tropical. She is a poet who writes prose like a poet—but good prose. Indeed, one might say that she writes, for the most part, like an angel; though doubtless not at all like Father Rapp's angel, of the footprint in the forest, if he ever wrote at all.

"In January, down a bleak road over the Scottish moors, an unpopulous district, where the gorse stood out like dead men's bones, they came to New Lanark, and the spacious Braxfield, a house blackened by clouds and whitened by snow." Look for a sentence like that in Lockwood, and you will not find it. Nor in the writings of the noble duke. Nor in Podmore. Nor in Pears. Nor in the diary of William Allen, Robert Owen's Quaker partner. But you will find many such sentences in "Angel in the Forest." You will find, too, just a few that border on the lush. "They had departed in May, which is a beautiful season of flame upon the river and the hills, when the bumble-bees plunder sleeping flowers, and the common thistle seems the eloquence of God." (Would the sentence not better have ended with "hills?") And you may even find some paragraphs in which words momentarily appear to get the better of the lover of words, in which the writer invites the very charge that she levels against Milton and Bunyan, when she says that they "as poets, had fallen into the pit of beautiful language, had stumbled over the block of flowered verbiage." But you will know always that you are dealing with an artist, with one who is worthy of the most thoughtful, most appreciative dealing.

You will know, too, that you have to do with an ironist whose pervasive humor lights her narrative at every turn exactly as she would have it lit. She gives the impression of being constantly amused, understandingly amused, by her subject. And why should one not be amused by Father Rapp, who, with the millennium always just around the corner, managed to reap so rich an earthly harvest? Or by the rich cotton lord of New Lanark, with his "correct principles," his "science of society," his "cubes of human populace," his plans for innumerable rectangular villages, and his dauntless efforts to make men happy despite themselves? Miss Young misses no opportunities, as may be shown by a few quotations from the chapter which tells of Owen's continental journey, made in an attempt to regenerate society through an appeal to Europe's crowned heads.

Louis-Philippe listened to him with interest, and wished "Robert Owen success in his endeavors to disenthrone all ghostly powers, including himself, of course." The French Prime Minister was very effusive, and "accompanied his guest through three re-

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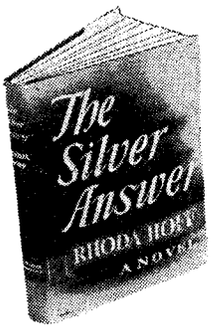

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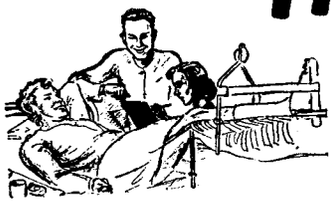

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ception rooms, as a mark of respect, and left him only at the outer door, with many apologies, both for the weather and human nature." "At a dinner party of the Germanic Diet, Robert Owen grew impatient with fickle hopes, false vistas, pretentious claims, the usual indifference to the good of mankind, and overeating. He rose, unannounced, and read a proclamation which he always carried with him, like a toothbrush." "Accosting the Emperor of Russia on a side street, Robert Owen offered him a copy of his memorials. The Emperor refused, curtly, as his suit fitted tightly, and he had no pocket to receive such a ponderous scroll." But when he learned "this strange salesman's name," he apologized to Owen and said that he would like to discuss with him the whole problem of human redemption, possibly some Sunday night, provided of course that they were not interrupted by spiritual visitors who had first claims upon the imperial attention.

Miss Young's amusement, however, does not blind her to Robert Owen's serious place in history, "as one who stands between two tidal movements—the withdrawing French Revolution, the rise of dialectic materialism. A nineteenth-century man, his roots are in the eighteenth century, his branches in the twentieth." Nor does she use failure as the final word for him, but says instead:

> Indeed, from a strictly finite point of view, Saint John the Baptist was a colossal failure, because he was beheaded—but in the larger environment of spiritual history, he remains as a preacher with a head on his shoulders. The unsubstantiality of Robert Owen's last hour, discoursing with bastard mediums at two dollars an hour, could not rob him of the substantiality of a lifetime engaged in activities for the real advancement of the human race.

As for the more enigmatic figure of Father Rapp, the Württemberg "separatist" who led his followers into the wilderness to build three towns, two of which they sold at a fat profit, and in the third of which they lived on prosperously long after his death—as for him, he seems a figure to be laughed with rather than laughed at.

The supreme irony of the story is, of course, that George Rapp, the Millenniast, the preacher of celibacy, the man of God who conversed with angels, should have scored a thumping worldly success, while Robert Owen, the practical man of business, with a fortune at his disposal, scored a thumping worldly fiasco. But the moral, as distinct from the irony, of the tale would seem to be that men will be happy or not in their own individual ways, in defiance of all rationality, and despite the sagest or silliest planners.

Romance and Something Else

DASHA. By E. M. Almedingen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THIS will, in all probability, prove to be a strangely two-faced review, just as the novel it has to deal with is an amazing mixture of routine and naiveté, romantic clichés and genuine emotions.

Miss Almedingen has, without any doubt, a very definite idea about the ingredients that have to be used in order to brew a successful novel. She chooses for her heroine a young Russian girl from Leningrad with a finely chiseled face and flaming red hair.

E. M. Almedingen

This girl Dasha, afflicted in her childhood with paralysis and cured during long years of medical treatment in a Crimean sanatorium, returns to the North: to the big white city of Leningrad and to nearby Kraspole, a small town, partly bustling with the new, busy after-revolutionary life, and partly still slumbering like "a piece of ornamental water, completely stagnant, and richly covered with dead leaves." She returns to her kindhearted but weak and bewildered mother who has become an almost perfect echo of her second husband, Nil Ilyich, a combination of Babbitt and Chichikov, "fat, pink, shining, always certain of the sun over his head." She meets a few old friends and makes many new ones, all of them a little bit too richly outfitted with whims and peculiarities and lots of *Ruskaya dusha* (Russion soul) and *shirokaya natura* (broadminded nature), and she discovers her talent for woodcarving and her love for Gleb, a young poet. She unfolds like a robust yet delicate flower amidst the vigorously pulsating life of a new big Russia enjoying the first fruits of the stern labors of the Five Year Plans, and her will to live, her optimism, and her faith in man are tested in the first cruel months of the present war.

To add "color" to her story, Miss Almedingen has reverted to the old trick of sprinkling the dialogues with words and whole sentences in a foreign idiom (a somehow disturbing thing for one who still remembers this phrase from an otherwise completely forgotten penny-dreadful of his early reading adventures: "'*Eh bien,*' said the viscount, for he talked fluently French.") A superabundance of metaphoric expressions is likely to irk the sensitive reader who is led to believe that every Russian is a walking dictionary of proverbs and/or pictorial sayings.

But in spite of all these annoying elements which time and again tend to evoke the impatience and even irritation of the reader, Miss Almedingen manages to keep him interested to the last page, and to have him part with her and her book as a friend. The key to this "mystery" is to be found in Miss Almedingen's genuinely warm love for people (indispensable quality for every true novelist), in her enchanted and very poetical attachment to the city of the Neva (an attachment which she shares with so many other writers, Russians and foreigners, who have spent some part of their lives there), and in her vivid understanding of what has happened to the country she comes from:

> *To strana, strana moya rodnaya,* that is my land, my very own land. Dasha's heart opened to the word, it had the whole pageantry in it, and something timeless also. *Rodnaya,* it meant more than fatherland, *rodnaya* land, father and mother together to her children, all things to them and always from the battle-scarred, dim-minded medieval Rus to a great union of 185 peoples. . . .

And

> There is an answer in all these faces, all this movement. An answer to something I have watched for years—at college, in the country, in factories. How young they seem, all in their twenties or early thirties. Dear God, all of them with a hungry and tattered childhood behind them. That old peasant was right. I have forgotten his name. He said, "All corn will be ground in the end." Well, we have ground the corn, it had so much chaff in it, many said it was quite rotten, but the flour is fine.

The same can be said about Miss Almedingen's novel: at the end you don't remember the chaff, you only know that the flour is fine.

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How to Be Employed Though Free

FULL EMPLOYMENT IN A FREE SOCIETY. By William H. Beveridge. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1945. 429 pp. with index and appendices. $3.75.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

WANT, Disease, Ignorance, and Squalor were chronic evils throughout the ages when the world was poor. They have persisted during the last couple of centuries, when parts of the world were growing fabulously rich. Sir William Beveridge proposes to abolish them in Great Britain by the simple process of Employment. He thinks his plan would pay its way.

His Report, as he calls it (a personal sequel to his famous official Report on Social Security), may not become popular reading, in spite of its crystal clarity, its beautiful style, and the warm sympathy which glows through the frosty scientific casing. But it is a germinal book, a text for action and controversy. President Roosevelt's project for sixty million jobs sounds like a friendly crib from the British edition of last year or the American advance proofs, and Senator Murray's pending "Full Employment Act" reproduces, roughly, one of the half-dozen basic Beveridge ideas.

(It is a sobering thought that if the Beveridge plan were adopted in full in the United States, every member of Congress would have to surrender the liberty of introducing bills calling for the appropriation of money.)

Underneath the book's deceptively simple prose there are striking new approaches. Sir William would make full employment an integral and organic part of a functioning business system instead of a kind of carbuncle on the body politic, fed by limitless streams of the state's money. The so-called classical economists thought of full employment in precisely the same way, but on condition that wages were cut low enough. Beveridge says full employment is possible only if "outlay" for new products of labor is big enough. There is a subtle difference between the two things, though they might both be expressed by the same algebraic equation.

The book, then, examines the means of providing sufficient outlay, which is always too small for full employment. Even in periods of prosperity there have been more workers than jobs. Between 1921 and 1938 the general rate of unemployment in Great Britain never fell much below 10 per cent and in 1932 rose to 22 per cent of insured workers. The remedy is to provide more jobs than workers, thus boosting both average and total worker-income.

Sir William lays down three fundamental conditions for full employment. The first and "main instrument," as noted, is adequate total outlay. The second is the location of industry, under state suasion as far as necessary, in places where surplus labor is available—a direct attack upon the blighted areas by bringing the employer to the job-seeker who will not or cannot move. The third is the "organized mobility of labor," designed to encourage and induce workers to move in search of jobs.

To implement these principles there is required, first and foremost, a new kind of annual state budget "made with reference to available manpower, not to money." Such a budget would always be in balance. Its starting point is the number of people to be employed. On the side of money expenditure are the items of private consumption outlay, private investment outlay at home, balance of payments abroad, and public outlay covered by taxes and loans. Some striking hypothetical budgets are given. For 1948 Britain is credited with a net national output of £5,600,000,000 at 1938 prices, compared with £4,675,000,000 in 1938—an increase, say, of $4,000,000,000, or twenty per cent.

Private business investment will be aided by low-cost, government guaranteed credit controlled by a National Investment Board. Private consumption will be stimulated by subsidies and supported by progressive taxation and Social Security. Government officials will see to it that good value is obtained for public funds spent, measured both by cost and by the test of what products people want. The idea of the Government's getting and giving full money's worth is apt to be met with a cynical snort in the United States. But the British Treasury is an old hand at it, and there is virtue in the fact that no member of Parliament may introduce, or even force an increase in, an appropriation unless he is prepared to defeat the Government. Rigid fiscal control is the political foundation of the Beveridge plan.

Such, very much condensed, is the core of the scheme, put together out of well-worn materials. Its novelty (and there is an atmosphere of freshness and innovation throughout the book) lies in the rather astonishing assumption that output of real wealth will rise in proportion to employment. Sir William is a money player. Fortified with this conviction, he faces a potentially rising public debt with engaging nonchalance. Why not, he asks, if it is offset by a continually increasing real national income and therefore by an increasing tax capacity which makes the tax burden no heavier than it has been in the past? Obviously, there is a vast difference between an increasing debt which doesn't matter only because "we owe it to ourselves," and one which is of no consequence because, in addition, we have the goods and services to match it.

Sir William Beveridge

Full employment and output, according to the book's title, are to be accomplished in a free society. No citizen will be required to surrender an essential liberty: "freedom of worship, speech, writing, study and teaching; freedom of assembly and of association for political and other purposes, including the bringing about of a peaceful change of the governing authority; freedom in choice of occupation; and freedom in the management of a personal income."

Free enterprise is conspicuous by its absence from the "essential" list. Sir William crisply dismisses the subject by declaring that the liberty of individuals to own means of production and to employ other individuals for wages—certainly an essential of free enterprise—is not an essential liberty "because it is not and never has been enjoyed by more than a very small proportion of the British people." This remark cuts very deep into the philosophy of liberty. It means that essential liberties are restricted to those personal claims which are widely exercised, and sanctioned by historical experience. Everything else is a franchise, an institution, a convention of tolerance and expediency rather than of right. These are to be modified or abolished if they lose their usefulness.

But Sir William has no lethal intentions toward liberty of enterprise. A large sector of his proposed economy is to be private—and free.

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Philadelphia Close-up

PHILADELPHIA: HOLY EXPERIMENT. By Struthers Burt. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. *xvi.* 396 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by M. A. DeWolfe Howe

MR. BURT declares that he is not an historian, nor his book a history. He appears rather as a biographer. His book, he says, is "a sort of civic biography, one of those novelistic biographies where you treat the hero as a human being and try to find out what he is and how he got that way." A "novelistic" biography implies a novelist, and if Mr. Burt had written nothing but "Along These Streets," a novel which carries one up and down the authentic pavements of Philadelphia, he would stand conspicuously qualified to deal with the personality of the city of his birth, his affection—and his reservations. He may not be an historian, but as a biographer and a novelist he has produced a book obviously owing much to the historians that preceded it—some interesting, he admits, some not, but all worthy—, yet a book infused with a breath of life rarely found in formal histories.

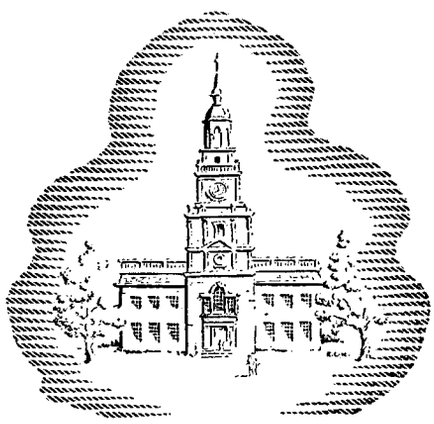
If Philadelphia has not been so much bewritten in the past as Boston—and of course neither place can vie in this regard with the monster city that lies between them—publishers and writers may now be undergoing a change of heart. Only a few months ago Mr. George Wharton Pepper's "Philadelphia Lawyer" drew general attention to the community in which William Penn began his "Holy Experiment." Mr. Burt and Mr. Pepper both touch upon a characterization of Philadelphia remembered both there and elsewhere.

According to Mr. Pepper, "Lincoln Steffens was not altogether just when he called Philadelphia 'corrupt and contented.' The truth is that influential Philadelphians have never been content with corruption; but they have generally been prosperous enough to be contented with their prosperity and too deficient in public spirit to make a substantial effort for good local government." According to Mr. Burt, attempting no such masterpiece of refutation, "Philadelphia is not as blatantly corrupt as it was then; [*i.e.,* when labelled by Steffens] nothing is as blatantly corrupt. . . . But in everything that counts, the 'Holy Experiment' is just as corrupt and contented as ever." And only a few months ago, in reviewing "Philadelphia Lawyer," he had declared that the "definition, 'content and corrupted' still holds, and always will as long as the educated and powerful Philadelphian is content never to allow his right hand to know what his left hand is doing."

This divergence in a point of view is worth notice chiefly because it illustrates a refreshing freedom in Mr. Burt from the necessity of bowing down to all the local gods. But for that freedom he would hardly have repeated, with evident relish, the "tradition that at one time young Philadelphia mothers used to tell their children to add this to their prayers: 'And O dear God, please bless the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Girard Trust Company, and the Republican Party.' "

Philadelphia has many claims to distinction besides one brought forward by Mr. Burt—that more false teeth are manufactured there than in any other place in the world. In New England it is a little hard to accept all the implications of primacy in Mr. Burt's claims for Philadelphia in the China trade, the whaling industry, and the building of clipper ships. As for the Boston-built *Constitution,* one of six frigates designed by the Pennsylvania Joshua Humphreys, only one of which was built in Philadelphia, the "soul and mind of her" may, as Mr. Burt declares, have been Philadelphian, but her body was of stout Yankee stock, and her wings, not of canvas, were provided by the most Yankee of poets. Mr. Burt claims her emphatically as "a Philadelphia ship." In all fairness he tells about another Philadelphia vessel, the *Tartar,* turned out for a privateer in King George's War—"the biggest ship yet built in the Philadelphia shipyards, and destined to a curious fate. On her first voyage down the Delaware in entirely calm weather, she capsized, drowning all but three of her crew." Perhaps it was better to build *Old Ironsides* in Boston.

Professor Einstein once refused to commit himself to the likening of Pasadena to ancient Athens, on the ground that it would be too disturbing to the rest of the world. If Mr. Burt gives Philadelphia its place in the sun as "the Athens of America" who shall say him nay? When he says that, owing to climatic conditions, "no Philadelphian can pronounce his R's," he stirs up conflicting memories. Certainly the oyster does not have to wait for the months containing an R to hear his own name, and many a similar word, brought to a reverberating, and peculiarly Philadelphian, close. It must have been the neglect of the R in other regions that led an intelligent lady of Philadelphia to ask me years ago, "Don't you feel that the New England speech sounds really illiterate?"



Let me have done with such details after suggesting one *corrigendum* for the future printings of this book which should surely be made. The witty remark ascribed on page 168 to "Rufus Choate, famous lawyer and ambassador to the Court of St. James's" must have come from Joseph H. Choate, since it was he and not his father's cousin who represented us in London. It would take many slips of this kind, however, to impair the essential and considerable value of Mr. Burt's book. One of its shining merits lies in his complete escape from the danger to which every local chronicler is exposed —the horrid danger of complacency. The devoted Philadelphian who strays beyond a limited tract bounded by the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, carrying with him an illuminating sense of humor, and bringing it home again, is in an ideal position to undertake the task Mr. Burt set himself. To the historians who paved the way for him he can turn for the background of such excellent pages as those describing that lavish "Meschianza" in which the young blades of the British Army paid tribute to the Philadelphia belles of Revolutionary days. In dealing with the social aspects of more recent times Mr. Burt draws upon first-hand knowledge. He may or may not be a frequenter of all the gatherings from "Wistar Parties" to Assemblies, of which he makes mention, he may feel more at home at the Fish House or Rabbit than at a Mummers' Parade, but he does know his Philadelphia well, its amenities and its urbanities, to say nothing of its financial, artistic, and political manifestations. Of course he knows how to write well, and the result is an informing and civilized book, not for Philadelphians only. It may teach the stay-at-homes or the wanderer who knows not this most homogeneous of large American cities that he will do well to accept his first invitation to visit it. There might even be scrapple for breakfast. It is only to be hoped that the recipe for Augustin's chicken croquettes of blessed memory has survived.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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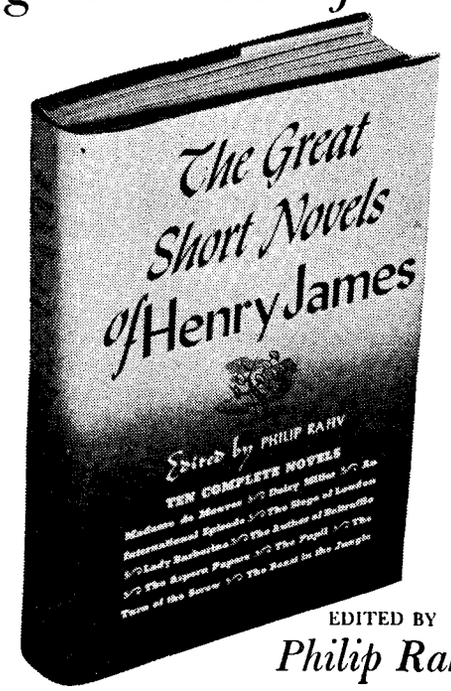

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Mr. Bromfield Returns to the Land

PLEASANT VALLEY. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 302 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GRAHAM BATES

"HOME is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill." Stevenson's words might well stand as dedication to Louis Bromfield's latest book, for "Pleasant Valley" is primarily a song of rejoicing from one returned home after long pilgrimage. After years of travel and residence in most of the habitable parts of the earth, after long and continuous success with novels and short stories, after recognition as foreign correspondent and speaker on international affairs, Mr. Bromfield has returned both actually and spiritually to his homeland.

In 1938 when Neville Chamberlain "took his umbrella and overshoes and went to Munich to meet a second-rate adventurer" Mr. Bromfield assembled his family and returned to America to put into execution a plan which had long been forming in his mind, a dream he had long been fostering in his heart. The plan and the dream concerned the wasted farm lands in his native Ohio valley. There, as elsewhere in America, the early settlers had come in and enjoyed the abundance from the rich virgin soil of the country with no thought of the morrow. When one farm ran out they moved on and started their despoiling of another until the earth became practically useless, drained of its mineral and organic resources, a waste of dried-out soil for long seasons with intervals of destructive floods corrugating the surfaces and carrying off the fertile top soil. One thousand acres of such land became the proving ground for Mr. Bromfield's great experiment in the reclamation of used-up soil in the restoration of the magic "balance of nature." The experiment has been a success. Economists and agriculturists have investigated the work and they have pronounced it good.

Word of the Bromfield work at Malabar has spread and there are many, both amateur and old hands at farming, who have awaited the book that was to tell the story of the methods and results of the project. "Pleasant Valley" is that book. It tells in full and usable detail the plan, the means, the failures, and the achievements for the six-year period. Mr. Bromfield is frank in his acknowledgements of people and agencies whose ideas and materials have been utilized and he is discursive on the theme of soil rehabilitation, so that the book will prove a useful guide to all, and they are legion these days, who are interested in claiming from the soil the best that can be had and in improving the soil in the process. Louis Bromfield speaks with the fervor of a prophet and his text is that the sins of the fathers in agriculture are truly visited upon the children for as long as the take-all and return-nothing methods are employed.

Many of the chapters, capable of standing separately as short stories, are reminiscent of the earlier and much loved "The Farm." These are tales of the people whose farms on the hills and in the valley were bought to be combined into the grand scale adventure in agriculture and husbandry. The original farmers and their sons and daughters are gone now, but their names and their legends linger and recur in Mr. Bromfield's books as remembered or from neighborly hearsay. Ceely Rose is here. Ceely, whose wits were dim but whose passions were strong enough to lead her into the calm murder of mother, father, and brother—all to get her a reluctant farm hand. The Fergusons, from Up Ferguson Way, with Miss Zenobia who has appeared under different names in several stories but still remains tinged with mystery. Johnny Appleseed and the Lost Dauphin. Pleasant Valley is no Spoon River, but character and fate have worked together to make its history.

The book is full of other material, too; perhaps it is the answer to critics who have found Mr. Bromfield's later work too slick, too carefully contrived, too Hollywood. "Pleasant Valley" is straight from the heart with no eye on the box office (an explanation for the Hollywood touch is neatly incorporated in a casual paragraph). It follows the interests of the author, from European scenes and personalities to delightful accounts of the visiting wild life at Malabar. It is romantic with a vengeance when treating of the good earth and man's relation to it, it is bitter and disillusioned about world politics, and it is sensitively perceptive when it deals with the "stories" of people.

This latest work fits a little oddly into the Bromfield shelf and yet it is like those that have gone before in this or that particular. It will be many things to many readers. To those who come to it for what it has to say about the new-old methods of farming, the anecdotes and philosophizing will be an annoyance; to those who want more of the author's warm art of characterization and narrative the theoretical material will come as a stumbling block; for most readers the whole thing will seem permeated with a lushness which might well have been curbed. But after an author has been writing for long years with his audience so carefully considered perhaps it is fair that he should have his fling and consider only himself. "Pleasant Valley" is the happy chanson of The Return of the Native.

The Story of the Salinas

THE SALINAS: Upside Down River. By Anne B. Fisher. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 316 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

THE Salinas River of California, which empties in Monterey Bay, runs dry most of the time, but with an underflow which has made of it in recent years an important irrigation area. Like most California rivers it had its Spanish padre period. It was also touched thinly by the gold rush fever and Fremont's explorations; and it suffered—or at least its indolent and wealthy land-grant families did—from the incursion of aggressive personages from the outside world when California was annexed by the United States.

Most of whatever "history" the Salinas has, however, is largely of local interest—land squabbles and the like, vital statistics of the old families, and neighborhood bizarre figures. In spite of this Anne B. Fisher succeeds in presenting a story which is not without its charm, particularly for those with a taste for nostalgic pictures of romantic periods that are gone.

The gentle, unwarlike California Indians viewed with amazement the first Spanish explorers. Zealous Spanish priests found no difficulty in converting these tractable children of Nature, and then, to be sure they would not backslide, they kept them at hard labor all day and locked them up in the mission compounds at night, with soldiers to hunt them down and punish them if they managed to flee from the blessings of religion.

On a basis of limitless territory and wageless Indian labor, the padres and their missions prospered mightily for a time. They grew herds of innumerable cattle, whose hides they sold to coasting ships, some of which were Yankee. Widespreading missions of some magnificence were built—San Antonio de Padua, Soledad, and San Miguel. The work was all done by the Indians—who made adobe brick, erected buildings, tilled fields, did the cooking and washing, herded the cat-

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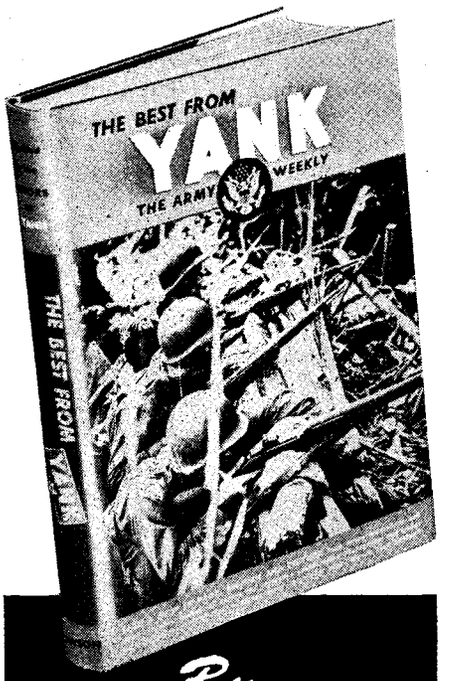

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tle, slaughtered and skinned them, and listened to the padres' sermons on Sundays. No Indian ever put into words for posterity his real opinion of the binding of his body for the freedom of his soul, but some of them must have been puzzled at times.

A change came when the padres grew too prosperous and Spanish politicians undermined them, so that the missions were closed. In these bleak days some real devotion was shown—as in a case where an old priest starved for his flock. A new type of overlord was what the Indians got—owners of huge land grants. Perhaps this was more to the Indians' liking, for the grantees appear to have lacked any fanatical love for work, and an easy, careless life took the place of the rigid regimentation of the padres. The author sighs for the period of these landed families—the Soberanes, the Borondas, the Estradas, the Malarins, and the like—people who exchanged visits on a lavish scale, gave their women florid compliments, were strong on dancing, horseflesh, and gaudy clothing—and, unfortunately for themselves, weak in industry and ability.

She is also inclined to look with a censorious eye upon the Americanos, because they arrived from over the mountains, attracted by the gold discoveries, and before them the Spanish families rapidly came apart at the seams. But the reader is likely to have a sneaking feeling that the posturing, inbred, somewhat useless race which had lived for generations on the sweat of the uncomplaining Indians got perhaps what was coming to it.

Furthermore, in spite of her excoriation of the rude and rapacious Americanos, by her own showing it appears to have been Italians, Scottish, Swiss, and even Germans who did most of the shoving around of the descendants of the early families.

This book, the twenty-seventh in the Rivers of America Series, suggests that the editors of that series may be running out of material of high significance. In spite of the charm of Miss Fisher's style, the industry with which she has attacked her subject, and the pleasant drawings of Mr. Fisher, the fact remains that this story concerns the least important, historically, of all the watercourses thus treated.

Flash in a Halifax Pan

ROGER SUDDEN. By Thomas H. Raddall. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 358 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

THE Colonial period of our history has furnished American literature with a surfeit of tales and fiction. George Henty and James Fenimore Cooper left us sagas of Indians and fur-hatted trapper-spies that reach into the present; Kenneth Roberts and Hervey Allen and Thomas Raddall are still carrying on with tales that are rich in historical research and filled with suspense in breath-taking situations.

But few, if any of them, have presumed to take so calculating and selfish a person as Roger Sudden as their hero, particularly one with principles so subordinated to self-centered interests. He was the scion of decadent, beliquored, English gentry; having little respect for his family tree, he sought to make his fortune—seek his "Golden Woman" as he put it—elsewhere. Having no ready cash and in danger of being arrested for robbery, Sudden set sail for Nova Scotia with a group that constituted "a convenient way to ship (the) poor across the sea" and that carried "the smell of unwashed flesh." In due time the company arrived at their destination where Sudden assisted unenthusiastically in the construction of an unhappy looking town that soon was to bear the name of Halifax. Then follows the usual pattern: he is taken prisoner by the Indians and saved only because the widow of the chieftain he is charged with having slain claims him under Indian traditional rights.

The story of his residence among the Indians and his return to Halifax are a mixture of historical reference and fiction. Halifax has developed into a bustling town where waves of English, Yankees, Dutch, and Swiss have helped to swell the population, despite the numbers lost by scalpings, deaths, and migrations to the colonies. Communities are massacred and ten thousand Acadians are expelled to Louisiana; Roger Sudden sees in this tragedy an opportunity to corral their cattle and grain, and sell both at fabulous profit. Coincidentally with this act, he turns smuggler against his own people and amasses private gain at the expense of life and security of others. He soon emerges as a ruthless, mercenary, venal trader who sweeps every human consideration aside in his determination to achieve wealth and power.

The story ends by his losing everything; he is charged with treason by the English and escapes only to be executed by the French on the same charge. Throughout this story, his interest in women is significantly subordinated. Women have come to him everywhere—in France, in Italy, in England; even in the forests of Nova Scotia the widow of the slain chieftain reveals her physical charms to him, only to be repulsed. For Roger Sudden has met, en route to America, a red-headed, green-eyed girl whose self-control and disdain shake him. Not until she approaches him, does he awaken to the depth of his love for her. And through that love, he meets his doom.

Well, that's the story. However no review of this book would be adequate that treated it merely as a work of fiction. Too much time was spent by the author in drawing on his knowledge of Indian life, and early English behavior on these shores, to warrant minimizing these phases by passing reference. He shows sound judgment in effectively employing a sampling style in many of his historical situations. Thus, he leaves the full impact of the difficulties of the passage across the Atlantic, and of the first months in establishing a colony, to selected instances on which he merely touches; he chooses to describe one experience (such as finding the remains of a previous settlement, and the skeletons of the inhabitants, in the woods) in preference to a detailed picture of the general situation. He gives a shrewd picture of the poverty, filth, and hatred of the Indians. Of like degree are his descriptions of the difficult days, filled with Sisyphean labor, of the early settlers. He gives word-by-word pictures of how captives were scalped while alive, and how the skin was removed from the body without allowing the prisoner to die. The scenes he portrays are gruesome and realistic. It is this kind of detail and historic content that will make the book laborious going for those who have a flare for the romantic. For those who want pure history this makes no attempt at being a source book.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Samuel Woodworth: "The Old Oaken Bucket." 2. Elizabeth Akers Allen: "Rock Me to Sleep." 3. Charles Lamb: "The Old Familiar Faces." 4. Thomas Moore: "The Light of Other Days." 5. William Wordsworth: "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." 6. George Pope Morris: "Woodman, Spare That Tree." 7. James Russell Lowell: "Aladdin." 8. Thomas Hood: "I Remember, I Remember." 9. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "My Lost Youth." 10. John Milton: "On His Having Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three."

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Much Light with Some Heat

EUROPE NOW. By H. V. Kaltenborn. New York: Didier. 1945. 182 *pp. Index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

MR. KALTENBORN writes here much as he speaks, trenchantly and personally. "Europe Now" is a readable, fast-moving, hard-hitting little volume. Unpretentious, making no claim to profundity, it is a layman's guide to the Europe of late 1944 and early 1945. It covers only a few weeks' visit to the battlefields and the capitals of Western Europe, but it was written by a man who has been to Europe many times, speaks foreign languages, and has numerous Old World contacts. His trip was a very different affair from the superficial trip of the stranger to Europe who has a quick look around and writes a hurried book that contains all the answers.

But why did Mr. Kaltenborn write this book? Has the ground not been covered by newspaper dispatches and radio analyses? Perhaps. But Americans who read newspapers and listen to radio commentators still have a good many questions to ask about Europe. Magazine editors who think the public knows everything about the war ought to get out and talk with the people. If they could hear the questions asked by large lecture audiences they would realize that the public needs more background material. A book like "Europe Now" helps meet that need.

The layman may be interested in Mr. Kaltenborn's account of the means by which a correspondent gets places today by land, sea, and air, how he lives in the cities and press camps of Europe, how he covers the news. But the reader will probably be more interested in finding out just how things look over there. Are the cities in ruins? Are people starving? Is civil war threatening in France, Belgium, Italy? What are the French going to do about collaborators? What about De Gaulle? How are the British taking this fifth year of the war? Mr. Kaltenborn's book sheds considerable light on these questions. For good measure it airs dogmatic opinions on a good many less important subjects. "World War II," declares the author, "will supplement World War I in teaching Americans to prefer good wine to bad whiskey."

This veteran commentator is a first rate reporter, especially deft—as a good reporter should be—with the common touch. In picturing the destruction caused by a recent V-2 hit in London, he describes the remarkable work of the fire wardens and rescue workers. But that was not all. "There was still one ambulance waiting. It belonged to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was there to take care of an injured horse which was being dug out of a collapsed stable."

At Aachen the author interviewed the Mayor. "I judged him to be a well-intentioned, middle-class, hard-working German." Apparently that is not the Nazis' idea of a mayor. Several days after this book was published three of them murdered the "well-intentioned" official on the porch of his own home.

What shall we do with Germany? That question is being debated wherever public opinion exists in the United Nations. It is being debated by all classes in Britain. Strangely enough, many Americans seem to believe that the British Laborites want to pulverize Germany and the Conservatives (still dominated by the Cliveden Set?) want to let the Reich off easy. As "Europe Now" makes clear, the situation is somewhat reversed. At a Labor Party conference "speaker after speaker, in the debate or foreign affairs, opposed the dismemberment of Germany, the return of Germany to a predominantly agricultural status . . . or the attempt to transfer large units of the population from one place to another." Lord Vansittart (advocate of a "hard" peace), on the other hand, is a Conservative. This does not mean that Laborites want a "soft" peace. Nor does it necessarily mean that Conservatives want to wipe the Reich off the map. But it demonstrates that in Britain, even under V-bomb attack, people were earnestly trying to arrive at conclusions that would help us clinch the military victory. The reviewer has long felt that war-time debates in the British Parliament should be fully reported over here. If they were so reported, Americans would have a wider understanding of the problems the United Nations face and the experience democratic Britain is trying to bring to bear in solving them.

Mr. Kaltenborn has done an excellent job in explaining France and the French to us. He has neither the servility of the professional *grand ami* nor the critical attitude of the ill-informed who do not know France or the French. You get a pretty balanced picture. You will understand De Gaulle better and what he is trying to do. De Gaulle has been difficult; often his demands have seemed unreasonable to Britons and Americans. "For sensitive Frenchmen, who had begun to be doubtful about the place of France in the postwar world, this assertion of nationalist demands was a stimulating spiritual elixir." It helped them over a terrible period of cold, hunger, and humiliation.

Where Mr. Kaltenborn is going to come under heavy fire in this country is in his discussion of the subject of communism and the communists. He might have sidestepped this issue; he might have pleaded censorship or argued that any mention of it endangered Allied unity. He did none of these things. With characteristic vigor he sailed right into the subject. Many on the Left will not like what he says. Others, tired of evasion and double-talk, will welcome frankness, whether they agree with the author's conclusions or not. He believes that "the communists will continue to be a disturbing factor all over Europe for years to come."

Readers who feel that we have done a great job on the home front will not feel flattered when they read the author's views on "idlers and profligates at home. . . . When I compare our home sacrifices with those of our Allies I refuse to join the paean of praise for our home front. We have not done enough. Our government has failed to ask us to do enough."

"Europe Now" closes on a grim note. Mr. Kaltenborn is not one of those people who think military victory in itself will win the war for our cause. His words ought to be pondered. This subject ought to be discussed at every fireside, at every club meeting, above all in the halls of Congress. We ought to prepare ourselves spiritually and materially for the terrible problems ahead. "The decade that leads us from war to peace," prophesies Mr. Kaltenborn, "will be filled with violence and revolution. It will be in every way more disturbing than the decade which began with the financial collapse in 1929 and ended in war."

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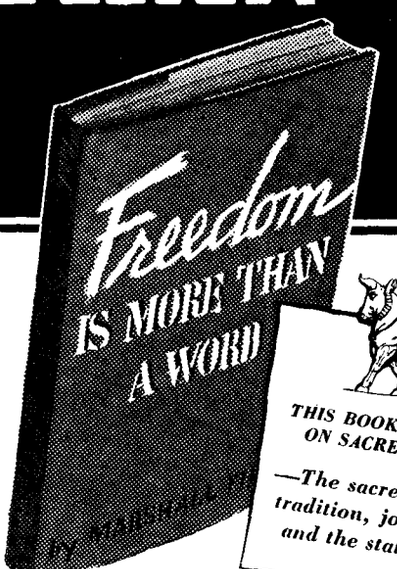

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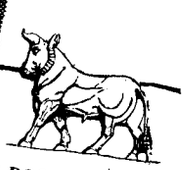

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Reporter's Notebook on New Guinea

GREEN ARMOR. By Oscar White. New York: W. W. Norton. 1945. 288 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

ALMOST forgotten now in the swelling crescendo of Pacific victory are those first grim months of the Pacific war when only the baleful terrain of the island of New Guinea separated an unprepared and defenseless Australia from Japanese invasion. Here, in an Australian war correspondent's report, is a vivid historical reminder. It is a story of the few, ill-trained, ill-supplied Australian troops and airmen (the bulk of their army was in North Africa fighting the Germans and Italians) who were defeated not only by the Japanese but by the malign forest and mountain of New Guinea terrain. And yet in the end this villainous country, barely explored, insufficiently mapped, and incredibly difficult to traverse was Australia's savior—the Green Armor that protected it until help arrived.

Mr. White, who had ventured into this rain-sodden, pest-ridden land before the war as a mountain climber and explorer, made two journeys into the interior in the first phase of the defense. While his book continues on to the invasion of New Guinea it is that section dealing with New Guinea that makes up the bulk and contains the most vivid pictures of a fight not so much against the Japanese as against the terrain.

Port Moresby, the Australian base on New Guinea, was first manned by a few thousand hastily drafted militia. These men spent their time ducking Japanese airraids, working on the port, and making plans for escaping if the Japanese arrived. If the Japanese had come the defense could not have lasted forty-eight hours. Luckily, the Japanese never did come. They tried, and they "squeezed the last drops of civilian life from the jungle" in the north. But the Owen-Stanley mountain range was too much. Some patrols in force got within thirty miles of Moresby without becoming a serious threat. They, too, succumbed to disease and starvation and muddy precipices. In the end, the Japanese were flanked from Milne Bay on New Guinea's eastern tip, their Zeros failed to break the Allied air blockade, their navy failed to break the Allied sea blockade, and their remnants were left to rot while the war swirled on far beyond.

Mr. White's first trip was northwest almost to Huon Gulf where "a ragglety-taggle army of miners, foresters, and civil servants" and a company of Australian commandos immobilized two Japanese divisions based on Lae and Salamaua for nearly five months. It is a well-told travel tale, full of the feel of this forbidding country—regiments of lungfish panting on the aerial roots of mangroves, flying foxes, the Kuku headhunters, the little camps of isolated white men along the trail, the native carriers, the climbs from water level, and the heat to 9,000 feet and piercing cold.

The author's second trip was over the Owen-Stanley Mountains where Australian troops were trying to win back the airbase of Kokoda, midway between Buna and Port Moresby. It turned out to be an Australian debacle in a man-killing setting of mountain, jungle, and mud. In Mr. White's opinion it was a debacle because the troops, brave though they were, did not know how to fight in the jungle and the Japanese did.

On the retreat the trail was full of the pitiful wounded struggling back as best they could. One man, with a leg blown off, had dressed the stump himself and was crawling and hopping back on a journey of more than two days and two nights. A twenty-year-old shot in the stomach, certain he would be left behind, begged for a tommy-gun. "Such things should have been appalling," the author writes. "They were not appalling. One accepted them calmly. They were jungle war—the most merciless war of all."

The book ends with the United States invasion of New Guinea where a Japanese dive bomber broke both of Mr. White's legs. This campaign, he writes, although it came within an ace of failure, was the beginning of Pacific victory. In New Guinea the Allies had learned that white armies could not equal the Japanese in prolonged jungle campaigning. They learned there that some other plan had to be evolved, a plan that would avoid the jungle. The result was a program of concentrating overwhelming material strength against the enemy in his key island strongholds. Guadalcanal had been the clue, New Georgia the test. From then on it was a clear sweep through the Gilberts, the Marshalls, the Marianas, to the present stage of the Bonins and the Philippines. "Far to the south, Japanese armies, isolated by man's mechanical conquest of geography, were left to rot behind the disjointed fragments of the green armor that had been our protection and their undoing."

"Green Armor" is sometimes annoyingly disjointed and is by no means an adequate history. But as a reporter's notebook, filled with color and incident, as an exploration of a strange and forbidding land that will inevitably emerge from this war with great strategic importance, it has perhaps more merit than "just another correspondent's book."

Ronald Kirkbride's

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The First Autobiography of Sophie Tucker

SOME OF THESE DAYS. By Sophie Tucker. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD SOBEL

SOPHIE TUCKER'S autobiography will have a professional interest for actors and stage-struck gentry. It tells everything that anyone might care to know about the theatre, being, perhaps, the first work to give concrete facts about managers' methods, actors' habits, salaries, ballyhoo, and professional jealousy.

Sophie makes her disclosures tersely, unabashed, and with only one intention: to indicate the measure of her success. For "Some of These Days" is little more than a personal diary, recited off-hand, with no regard for literary value or good taste. It lacks that universal significance which should stem from an extensive career.

The story concentrates on the microcosm, Sophie Tucker, her struggle to overcome poverty, win recognition, overcome rivals, invent fresh stage business, find new songs, please cosmopolitan audiences, hold on to pyramiding success, and win love through successive husbands. When not occupied otherwise, Sophie balances faith with amorality as if she were walking an ethical slack wire. She talks of church ceremony, ritual, orthodoxy and prayer, then boasts of being the guest of honor in a tenderloin establishment.

A few episodes have a dramatic impact. One of these concerns a famous motion picture star who rushes to the hospital to tell a dying boy that she's his mother, not his sister. Another tells how Alfred Lunt learned vaudevillian behavior to perfect his role in "Idiot's Delight." A third describes the manner in which Nora Bayes forced Sophie out of the "Follies." There is one piece of excellent writing: Arthur "Bugs" Baer's appraisal of the authoress.

Incidentally, the typical Broadwayite will fight to the death to prove his right to the title of originator, the word "first" being a recurrent cause for calumny, feud, and litigation. Sophie, however, lays claim courageously to the following achievements: first to put on a vaudeville "afterpiece"; first vaudevillian to buy an annuity; first headliner to sing with her own stage band; first headliner to play four continuous weeks at the Palace; first entertainer to present American jazz to an English audience; first singer to use a two-piano team; first actress to arrive in the United States wearing trousers; first performer to tell an English night club audience to sit on the floor while she entertained; first artist to present lyrics on a blackboard; and first actress to serve a birthday cake in an English public restaurant. Certainly, Salvator Dali should immortalize these achievements in oil, wax, or what have you.

One of the last pages of the book holds a great surprise, for Sophie states suddenly that the trouble which arose about 1939 over the A. F. A., the union for vaudevillians, was directly responsible for the writing of "Some of These Days." If this was her purpose, she has failed completely to clarify the involved story and her own responsibility. For even the general public knows that her influence as president of the organization reached sucr preposterous proportions that, while she was titillating between a yes or a no, industry throughout the entire United States was desperately imperiled.

As an autobiographer Sophie Tucker is—to use her own idiom—a flop. But as an entertainer she is still "tops," first and last of the Red-Hot Mammas, bounteous, beloved, melodious, and original, international goddess of off-color laughter and song.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 576)

T. D. McGEE*:

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*In Quebec, 1862.

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ANGEL IN THE FOREST

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WAR TRIALS EXHIBIT

(*Continued from page* 28)

under certain circumstances it is possible for one man or a group of men to transfer their insanity to a nation. I use the word "insanity" in its precise sense. It was compounded of various abnormalities, as is evident in "Mein Kampf." A psychiatrist or a neurologist or a psychologist reading this book would probably begin by making a diagnosis of schizophrenia, especially as it relates to the author's self-deification, although the recurrent fits of depression and elation might suggest that rare instance in which both schizophrenia and manic depressiveness co-exist. Intensifying this mental sickness, it is clear from the book, was also a consuming inferiority complex which in turn expressed itself in the leader principle as well as in general race theories. Scientifically and anthropologically, of course, these theories represent the quintessence of incompetence and ignorance.

There can be no doubt of guilt here, as the signed confession before us indicates. But before passing on to the proper punishment, let us consider another purpose which "Mein Kampf" can fulfill at this trial. It not only justifies but makes mandatory the unconditional surrender policy of the United Nations towards Germany. The defendant claims in this book that Germany would never have lost the last war if he had been in control, since he would never have permitted the home front to collapse, and since he would have carried the war through to a victorious military decision.

He was therefore unwilling to accept the victory of the Allied powers but sought instead to reverse that decision in a new test. By his own definition of what would constitute victory over Germany, the unconditional surrender policy became imperative for the United Nations. Moreover, the defendant has exhibited in this book a special fondness for the word "unconditional." He refers continually to his "unconditional authority"; to his "unconditional demands" on his nation, and, indeed, on the world; to his policy of "unconditional subjection" of "inferior peoples"; to his "unconditional" method of waging war. He himself has therefore created the unconditions, to coin a word, of Germany's defeat. As he expressed it, "All considerations of humanitarianism or esthetics crumble into nothingness."

* * *

These men and their followers can never undo the catastrophe of their making. We can take their lives, but it will not bring back the lives of more than thirty millions who have died because of them; it will not erase the mass suffering and misery, the shattered bodies and minds. The maximum of retributive justice can be exacted, as it must, but the crust of the earth will be no less soft with the blood they have spilled.

There is, however, something that can be salvaged. And that is the lesson they have taught us. If we can remember the face of brute evil as they have revealed it to us; if we can remember it and identify it, we have gained something.

N. C.

An Odyssey of Mercy

IN THE MARGINS OF CHAOS. By Francesca M. Wilson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 306 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THIS is the personalized account of relief work in several countries covering the period, roughly, from the outbreak of World War I to the early years of the present conflict. The author, an Englishwoman, carried on most of her work with the Society of Friends. She first came in contact with refugees—they happened to be Belgians—in her native England only a few weeks after the Kaiser's armies had begun their *Drang nach Westen.*

This is the story of an odyssey of mercy. Miss Wilson's first foreign relief experience was in Holland. Then followed work in France. After that she worked with wounded Serbs in Corsica, North Africa, and Serbia. From the Land of the South Slavs she went on to Vienna for a term, then into Russia. Most of her work in the Soviet Union was in the Buzuluk region, a dreary corner of the stricken Samara province. After her service in Russia the author went back to England. In 1937, she left for Spain to work in the territory held by the Loyalists. Two years later she was on the move again: to France, thence to Rumania and Hungary to help Czech and Polish refugees.

The volume has value for its local color and for its light on politics and history. It throws some light, moreover, on the social and economic conditions that will follow V-E Day, but it seems to the reviewer that it would be stretching matters to call this an important book. The average reader, for example, is likely to have no more than a vague interest in Miss Wilson's many fellow relief workers. There are times when it seems a little on the naive side. And some of the conclusions are at least debatable.

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS

(*Continued from page* 23)

admit that the Russians are not Communists now—"Russia is no longer Red"—he might allow that a critic of this book need not be an "intellectual vassal."

"Report on the Russians" is a shallow book, essentially. Had an inexperienced newspaperman written it, a man without a name, it would have been considered the waste of a superb opportunity for inside impressions. Six weeks gave H. G. Wells plenty of time in which to form an impression of "The Future of America," and W. L. White did form an impression, quite a vivid one. What has to be criticized in it is its flippancy and irresponsibility. Mr. Fischer ignores the naughty and invidious things in the book. They were the things that made the difference. And, as a thoroughly experienced newspaperman, Mr. White knew what he was saying.

I do not think Mr. White is a liberal, not even a "Kansan liberal." The kind of retort he provoked from *Pravda,* and the dissociation expressed by Eric Johnston, show that he was provocative—needlessly, I think, recklessly, and insensitively. He was facile but inferior. It will handicap other newspapermen; and as an American conflict with Russia, in view of Russian expansionist policy, would be so tough, it is folly to tweak the Russians. Remember Noel Coward and Brooklyn.

Eric A. Johnston:

BECAUSE William L. White accompanied me to Russia, I have had many inquiries about his new book on that country. They call for an answer in general terms at least.

I do not for a moment question White's right to say what he chooses, but I frankly disagree with him as to the significance of many things we both saw.

As in all countries, there is good and bad in Russia. In my judgment, White over-emphasizes the bad, minimizes the good. He does not take sufficiently into account the incredible sacrifices of the Russian people to defeat the Nazis.

Moreover, there is a generous dash of fiction in the book which is not labeled as such.

I believe genuine, two-way understanding between Russia and the United States is indispensable. Each nation must accept honest and frank criticism from the other. But each nation should strive to avoid unfair, destructive criticism of the other. We have got to learn to get along with Russia and the Russians have got to learn to get along with us.

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Viscount Wavell

One of the ideological falsehoods victory may overthrow is our persistent cliché about the "professional soldier." We say "professional soldier," and never in our mind's eye do we see Ike Eisenhower, Vinegar Joe Stilwell, or any of those others who are, of course, the only "professional soldiers" we actually know anything about.

There is, for example, A. P. Wavell—Field Marshal Viscount Wavell—who has seen service in one minor and two major wars. This man of blood-and-thunder lately decided to set down in a notebook those poems which, through the years, he has carried in his head and heart. Thanks to the soldier's son, for whom the notebook was intended, its pages are now open for others to share. Reading these poems and reading the richly personal notes of the man who has loved and remembered them, we can feel great comfort in the fact that our destiny has been entrusted to such "professional soldiers" rather than to an insane amateur in Berchtesgaden.

From the *Foreword*:

I cannot claim that I can now repeat by heart all the poems in this anthology. I think I can safely claim that I once could; and I can still repeat to myself—for repeating verse to others is seldom popular—nearly all that is printed here . . . I would warn young men, when they find young women willing, even apparently anxious, to listen to them repeating poetry, to watch their step very carefully.

From the introduction to Section I: *Music, Mystery and Magic*

The Hound of Heaven has had a special place in my life, as a charm in danger or trouble. Many years ago a friend gave me a copy of Francis Thompson's lyric at St. Andrews, where I was playing golf. I had it by heart in a very few readings and from that day I have used the magic of its imagery in my times of stress, to distract my mind from peril or disaster. I have repeated the words of this greatest of all lyrics under fire, on a rough Channel crossing, in pain of body or mind.

From the introduction to Section II: *Good Fighting*

War is not only a grim but mainly a dull business and does not tend to inspire poetry in those who practice it. Love poems are usually written by those who have been in love; battle poems are seldom written by those who have been in battle.

NOTE (on Blake's *Jerusalem*)

It is interesting to contrast Blake's two final magnificent crusading stanzas with Sir Walter Raleigh's gentle lines: Blake, the man of peace, demands armaments; Raleigh, the man of war, asks only the emblems of tranquillity. A.P.W.

NOTE (on Kipling's *St. Helena Lullaby*)

Many hundreds of books have been written about Napoleon's career but I know of no better summing up in a short space than Kipling's verses, though they are in wrong order chronologically; Austerlitz was after Napoleon was crowned Emperor and after Trafalgar, so that verse three ought logically (or should it be 'logistically,' following the idiom of our American allies?) to come after the two verses that follow it. A.P.W.

NOTE (on Browning's *Saul*)

This is David, the young poet, singing to Saul the king and the warrior to cure him of one of his fits of depression. I have always had great sympathy for the character of Saul and distaste for that of David. Murder even in hot blood is a crime, but murder by proxy is surely mean; and David was responsible for three such murders: that of Uriah by the agency of Joab, those of Shimei and Joab himself by the agency of Solomon as David's posthumous act of revenge. Joab is surely the only Commander-in-Chief in history to have bumped off personally two other Commanders-in-Chief. A.P.W.

NOTE (on Masefield's *Vagabond*)

This is a favorite of my wife's, learnt and included at her request. A.P.W.

NOTE (on Andrew Lang's *Odyssey*)

The surge and thunder of the Odyssey attracted me deeply in the one term in which I read it, and I have always regretted my inability to read it in the original: for it will not easily bear translation, as T. E. Lawrence discovered. A.P.W.

NOTE (on Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*)

Whatever the deserts are, it is the bold rather than the merely brave who usually get the fair. On the other hand, the shy need never give up hope, some fair will get them one day; a woman out gunning never disdains a sitting shot. A.P.W.

NOTE (on Brooke's *The Dead*)

I can well remember Lord Allenby repeating this poem to me shortly after he had heard the news that his only son, a boy of great promise, had been killed in action. A.P.W.

The poems in this "posie of other men's flowers" are, of course, worth reading at any time. In this case, the "thread that binds them" — revealing as it does a spirit worthy of such company —endows even the most familiar verses with fresh meaning and a new delight.

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Valery

By ELIZABETH MALLETT CONGER

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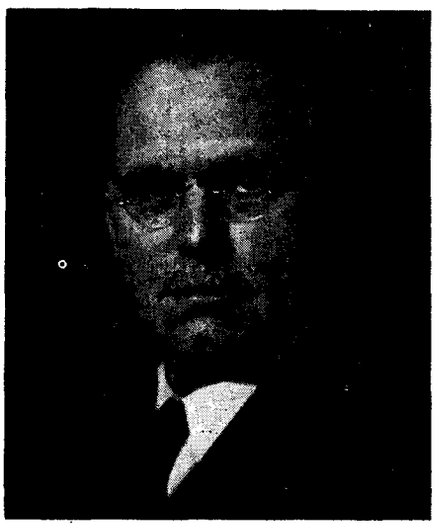
Reporter, Historian, Biographer

AMERICAN CHRONICLE. By Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 516 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILL IRWIN

RAY STANNARD BAKER'S autobiography is three books in one—a chronicle by a super-reporter of great events which he witnessed either as an actor or from a seat in the front row; a vivid record of personal experience; a self-analysis of a large mind and an idealistic soul in process of development. That last aspect of the book is the one which will most interest a professional writer.

As a cub reporter in Chicago, he saw, learned, and felt things which he knew that the *Record* could not or would not print. All young journalists have felt at times the same irritating sense of restraint. Some have disciplined themselves to accept it, some have built a protective mechanism of cynicism. Baker found solace in a "private newspaper," wherein he set down his candid observations and opinions on the story he had covered that day. For the next forty-odd years, he carried a notebook as faithfully as he did a watch. Gradually the range of the notes widened. He set down fugitive thoughts which might or might not enrich the "great American novel" that he never wrote, flashes of human character, bits of description, experiments in style, reaching toward a philosophy of life and government. His seventy notebooks now comprise at least two million words. They were invaluable to him when he sat down to write this book. Distance lends enchantment to the view—and also distortion. It plays strange tricks with even the best memory. But Baker had only to turn to these carefully-dated notebooks to find impressions of men and events written while the memory was still near and vivid.



Ray Stannard Baker

More and more, as the years passed and he grew up to be a national reporter, descriptions of quiet landscapes seen on his long walks, of casual meetings on the road, thrust themselves into these meditations on paper. Then came a change in his external life. In 1906 the brilliant old *McClure* group, including John S. Phillips and the great "muckraking trio" of Baker, Steffens, and Tarbell, broke loose from S. S. McClure and rejuvenated the *American Magazine.* It was a hazard of new fortunes, and Baker retired to a farm in Michigan for a rest and a rearrangement of his life. He took a long walk up the Cedar River. And he fell into a mood which he had never known before—something akin to what mystics call cosmic consciousness. He sat down to write, but that gentle ecstacy still held him. He remembered, then, something that Cobbett had expressed: begin to write without thought of where you are going, and ideas and expression will come of themselves. Three weeks afloat on this enchanted sea and he had finished the first six instalments of what he was to call "Adventures in Contentment" and to publish under the pseudonym "David Grayson." It is not fair play for a reviewer to betray his victim's surprises. But the subsequent conflicts between Ray Stannard Baker and David Grayson, as told by the senior author, reveal a mild but interesting case of split personality.

Already Baker had almost finished his career as a national reporter and an intellectual leader in reform politics. He did fundamental work; the results, if not the actual words, will live after him. The American labor movement possibly owes as much to his revelations of a new economic era in America, of the horrible conditions prevailing in many industries, of the hopes and flaws, the triumphs and failures of labor unionism, as it does to the militance of such outright leaders as Debs and Gompers.

Then various factors combined to cast a blight on the literature of exposure; Baker discusses them with his cool faculty for analysis. In the vital Taft-Roosevelt-Wilson election of 1912, the liberal intellectuals split—especially the writers. One who knew them all could have predicted what happened. It was mainly a matter of temperament. The men with whom sheer intellect governed, like Baker and Norman Hapgood, went all-out

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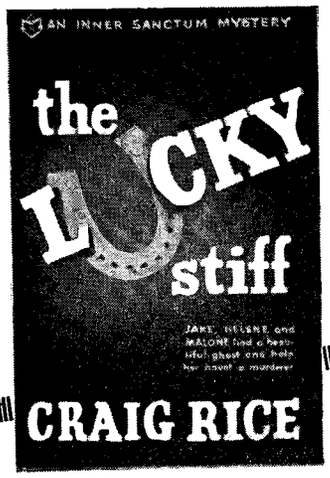

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those exuberant sleuths, are back again after a two years' absence. *The Lucky Stiff*, just published, is their eighth adventure.

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LOUIS UNTERMEYER says: *I may waver in my allegiance to certain sonnets of Shakespeare, but I cannot imagine myself skipping a line by*

CRAIG RICE.

An Inner Sanctum Mystery

for Wilson; those who diluted reason with vibrant enthusiasm, like William Allen White and Hermann Hagedorn, fought under the standard of the Bull Moose. Wilson, as others have written before Baker, disliked journalism and distrusted journalists as a class. But from their first meeting, his mind and that of Baker dovetailed. The difference lay in the fact that Wilson had no David Grayson for a release and refuge. In the vital days when Wilson was keeping us out of war, leading us in war, and fighting for the League of Nations, Baker may have groped nearer to the real Wilson than any other man. "But I never really knew the inside of him," he reports in effect, "probably no one did." The bond was high idealism and love of humanity in the abstract. But Wilson, so far as anyone knows, was incapable of loving any male of the human species as an individual. As Wilson's powers began to fail—and that happened months before his visible breakdown—he cast aside most of his old advisers and comparative intimates, but never this one.

So Baker served first as his confidential agent sent to study Europe at war and report to Washington, and then as his manager of publicity during the Peace Conference at Versailles. He found himself in an impossible position—director of publicity for a man who seldom read newspapers, never even tried to understand newspapermen, and believed that the justice of his cause plus his own closely-reasoned oratory would carry the day. Baker, as all of us who reported that conference knew, was trying his best to open up channels between the President's mind and intentions and fifty or more reporters with a national audience, all as enthusiastic as he over the League, and to break the dam erected by the big three against the release of any real news. He admits that he worked and pleaded in vain. Since he failed, no other man alive could have succeeded. What Baker does not record and possibly does not realize is that a go-between in his situation stood to become the most unpopular man in the whole Allied world. If he escaped that, it was because everyone appreciated his good intentions, his ability, and his undiluted intellectual honesty.

He saw Wilson lose the fight and break down, saw the country pass into an isolationism so dense that saying a good word for the League passed in many circles for sheer treason. Last stage of all: circumstances and a fortunate choice on the part of the family made him an historian of that administration and biographer of Wilson. He retired to his farm near Amherst with eleven tons of documents and more to come. For twenty-one years, he worked almost exclusively on this task. But David Grayson was not dead; only, Baker found, in the end he lived the part instead of writing it. Even as he drew on toward seventy-five, he knew the old rapturous moods engendered by spring buds, summer shadows, the tracks of foxes in the snow, wayside meetings with simple people.

These are the confessions of an old-fashioned American liberal, whose only philosophy, outside of a broad Christianity, is American-born pragmatism. Young radicals who have stolen the word "liberalism" and given it a new meaning will laugh at it as at a hoopskirt. But Wilson's idea of a world organized for peace, so long in exile, is now back among us, more compelling than ever. Just so Baker's kind of liberalism, which sees society not in terms of a machine but of a growth, may have its day again.

Dacotah Dances

By Kenneth Porter

(For the Laubins, interpreters of Dacotah ceremonials, Vassar Brothers Institute, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 16 Jan., 1945)

GRIZZLY'S growl and bison's bellow,
prairie-cock's graceful grotesque strut,
eagle-plumes the sun's red-yellow,
lobo's light and loping foot.

summer lightning's jagged scrawl,
wildness of the western weather,
skies, mountains, rivers, prairies—all
from a painted case of rawhide-leather!

Ashes, garbage, and filthy suds on
trampled snow . . . but pine-cone and camas-root
we see and smell by the dishwater Hudson
in the Vassar Brothers Institute!

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LA-HAYE-DU-PUITS?

(*Continued from page 12*)

papers exactly what had happened at La-Haye-du-Puits that day?

The war correspondents who write "the news," as it is called, meaning the progress of the war, were licked at the start. They could not give the news because, first, censorship in a quite proper exercise of its military functions prevented them from doing so and, second, because they had no way of findings out the news. The move on La-Haye-du-Puits was part of a large-scale feint, or series of them, designed by General Bradley to induce the Germans to concentrate their strength on both sides of Normandy while we attempted to drive down the middle in a break-through west of St. Lo. That was the news there and, naturally, the war correspondents could not write it nor, even if they had been able to learn it, could they have written the even more important news of what the German reaction was to the feint in the La-Haye-du-Puits area. Did it convince them that it was along the N800 road that General Bradley would try to break out of the Cotentin Peninsula? Were they falling into the trap?

The "news" writers sitting tiredly at their typewriters that evening wrote, "American troops stormed into La-Haya-du-Puits this afternoon and tonight were digging in beyond the town . . ." etc., etc., for their 200 or 600 or 1,000 words, as required by their editors. It was a waste of their time and of newsprint and of the time of their readers.

The feature writers did whatever their temperament beckoned them to. I remember my own story of the day. It had nothing in it of importance. The animal ridge was not in it nor was the calm, barefooted German killer, putting on his socks and shoes while his enemies advanced on him. The Intelligence officer folding his maps and papers like a lawyer before crawling under the tank, the soldier too sad to get up to look any more at his wounded friend, the war correspondent elatedly discovering someone from Iowa—they were not in it.

Not any of the things that I remember most clearly about that particular and usual, routine day now, eight months later (evidently because they were the most important things), were in the story I wrote that evening.

I don't really know why this is so, but it is. Although I tried hard at the typewriter to be faithful to my responsibility, no one learned from me what the fighting had been like that day at La-Haye-du-Puits.

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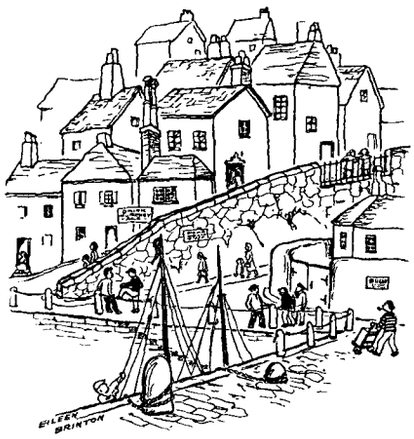
NOTES FROM FRANCE

(*Continued from page* 17)

sent to one of the concentration camps for a time. When the Gestapo called for him he told his wife: "Until now we have lived in fear. From now on we will live on hope."

His son, Jean Jacques Bernard, an excellent writer in his own right, was sent to the camp at Compiègne and dismissed after ten months in what seemed to be a dying condition. He at once set out to write down his memories of the camp. His publisher took the manuscript and promised to print it on the day of liberation—which he did. The book—"Le Camp de la Mort



Lente"—is at present one of the great literary successes of France; and the author has, miraculously, been restored to health again.

The great Jewish philosopher Henri Bergson protested too, in his way. When the Nazis decreed that all Jews had to register and to wear the yellow star, Bergson, a very old man, was confined to his bed with illness. Even the Nazi authorities decided to make an exception in his case and not require him to register or to wear the yellow star. But Bergson, refusing to accept any favors from the Germans, arose from his bed, although he had a high temperature, and stood in line to register. He died soon thereafter.

The artists had no way of retiring into the underground as did the writers. You can publish an illegal paper but you cannot paint an illegal picture. Still, some cartoonists went as far as possible. Sennep, for instance, published a book of caricatures in Monte Carlo which made bitter fun of Vichy. Somehow he got the German authorities to permit the book to be sold in France, and when Vichy protested, he replied that there was really no reason for the French government to be more severe than the Nazis themselves.

Many artists refused to show their

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pictures during the German occupation. Some, Picasso among them, were refused the rights to show them on the grounds that their art was "decadent." In spite of this official condemnation of his art by the Nazis, however, Picasso had hundreds of German visitors who made him most generous offers for his pictures. But he steadfastly refused all of them; not one of his paintings did he sell during the whole time of the occupation.

There were, of course, some exceptions to the rule: a few artists who made propaganda trips to Germany; some writers who openly praised the invader; many actors who went on playing at the theatre or speaking over the radio as though nothing had happened. After the liberation a friend of mine was sent to Radio-Paris to find out who had worked there under the Germans. When he saw the list he exclaimed: "Why, this is the Paris telephone book!"

It was finally decided that only those were to be punished—by being excluded from further employment—who had broadcast more than twelve times during the occupation. And here is the explanation for this very strange measure:

Maurice Chevalier, who was for so long suspected of being a collaborationist, had broadcast . . . eleven times. Meanwhile, however, he had made a comeback, not on the stage or in a movie, but by an address delivered at a celebration which takes place every year at the Père Lachaise Cemetery in memory of the Paris Commune and its many victims. Now, this celebration is strictly a communist and leftwing socialist affair. By his appearance there Chevalier simply notified the world that he was a communist. Well, being a communist and thus belonging to the most active group in the Resistance, why should he be punished?

Of course, there are still many people who say that Chevalier is really a follower of Pétain. Sometimes these things are very confused and confusing. What about famous old Paul Claudel who in 1940 composed a flattering address to Pétain whom he almost called a savior, and who in 1945 wrote practically the same address all over again, only that this time the personality addressed was no longer Marshal Pétain but General De Gaulle?

Well, such things happen. But they cannot detract from the fact that the representatives of French culture have played a most active, courageous, and glorious part in the liberation of France, and that their names will live in the memory of their fellow-countrymen for the services they rendered to France in her hour of need long after what they wrote has been forgotten.

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The Warrior and the Poets

OTHER MEN'S FLOWERS: An Anthology of Poetry compiled by A. P. Wavell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE name modestly put to this anthology is that of a famous Field-Marshal Viscount with a string of letters to his name. At the end of March we reviewed his book "Allenby in Egypt," which he wrote under the stress of wartime military and political duties. The reviewer said that the book on Allenby had something of Wavell's good qualities in it, and that his "one good eye sometimes sees more clearly through the shibboleths of politics, British and Egyptian, than many men's two eyes." All I know is, concerning the anthology of poetry he has now compiled, that he has displayed surprisingly good taste. There is hardly one poem in the book that isn't a good one, though many are most familiar. Wavell has dedicated the book to his son "who shares my love for poetry but thinks his father's taste a little old-fashioned." So it is; but old-fashioned in the best sense.

I myself learned more about poetry than I ever learned afterward, from an Army officer, my father. I told them that once, when I read to the men up at West Point. Nevertheless, in the United States, it is quite unusual for American Army officers to care about poetry, and as for our business men and our legislators, it makes them extremely uncomfortable, to say the least, when they are not openly scornful of it or openly hostile. For they are sensible men who hardly ever open that kind of book, and they are certainly quite above anything so foolish as poetry.

On the other hand, the English have a long tradition concerning poetry. For many centuries theirs was *the* poetry of the English-speaking world. Any man of any education and cultivation in England is proud of England's poetic heritage. Even Field Marshals. Even Prime Ministers. Of course, Prime Ministers used to translate from the Greek and Latin, and even try their hand at impromptus. We know that Mr. Churchill is fond of poetry. In his pleasing foreword to this book Viscount Wavell says, "Lord Allenby was another under whom I served with a great store of poetry in his head and the ability to give it forth in season." The work of Browning and Kipling has stayed most in his own memory, but there is much more than that. He believes that poetry should be recited, and tells us entertainingly, "Admiring aunts used to give me three-pence for reciting it ('Horatius') from beginning to end; a wiser uncle gave me six-pence for a promise to do nothing of the kind." I well remember one summer when the distinguished poetry critic, Mary M. Colum, remarked upon how really fine Macaulay's ballad was, and some of us on an evening walk succeeded in reciting most of it, first and last.

The Field Marshal quotes a fine passage, I think from James Elroy Flecker:

> CALIPH: Ah, if there shall ever arise a nation whose people have forgotten poetry or whose poets have forgotten the people, though they send their ships around Taprobane and their armies cross the hills of Hindustan, though their city be greater than Babylon of old, though they mine a league into the earth or mount to the stars on wings—what of them.
>
> HASSAN: They will be a dark patch upon the world.

This is a purely personal anthology, and that is precisely why it is good; since the taste displayed in it is above the average. "I ask no one to applaud my choice. I do not always applaud it myself, but a part of me from which I cannot dissociate myself, my memory, has made this selection and I am too old to alter it." The Field Marshal says that the Notes are not altogether his fault, as the publisher asked for them; but actually, the notes are what make the book unique. He says that his son "for whose judgment I have great respect, reads both the old and the new poets and on the whole prefers the latter, so perhaps it is just that I am growing old."

What poem is placed first? The Field Marshal has repeated the words of this "greatest of all lyrics" under fire, and it is "The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson! The next poem is Dekker's "Sweet Content," and the third is "Kubla Khan." After "The Tiger," by William Blake, comes "Dream-Pedlary," by Thomas Lovell Beddoes. After Keats's "Ode to A Nightingale" comes Francis Thompson's "From the Night of Forebeing," partly presented. The note at the end says, "There is a lot more of this poem, but it becomes metaphysical and does not please me as much as this first lovely part," which ends, by the way, "The world's unfolded blossom smells of God." Then comes "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," which is one of the wonders of the world. So far, so good, indeed! A warrior might like Milton, but somehow you would not expect him to appreciate George Herbert. Yet Wavell does. And he includes that wild anonymous burst of genius, "Tom O'

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Bedlam's Song." He has a passage from Christopher Smart's "A Song to David." Ralph Hodgson is here, as well as William Morris. Chesterton's "Lepanto" is in the section called "Good Fighting." His choices from Kipling take the best; and he has Dowson's "Cynara." Part of a note on Kipling's "The Song of Diego Valdez," for whom Wavell professes great sympathy, is particularly interesting:

> I cannot find whether Diego Valdez has any historical background or came from Kipling's imagination. There was a Diego Valdez who commanded one of the squadrons of the Armada, but he was never High Admiral; and according to Froude he was a naval designer rather than a sailor and a timid, unenterprising Commander. He can hardly have been the model for Kipling's dashing seaman. His brother Pedro Valdez, a much stouter fellow, was captured by Drake and spent some time in England before being ransomed. Perhaps Kipling confused the two.

Here are "Childe Roland" and "Waring," two of the great poems of Browning. Here is the fine Scots ballad of Swinburne's "A Jacobite's Exile":

> O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
> And loud the dark Durance:
> But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
> Than a' the fields of France;
> And the waves of Till that speak sae still
> Gleam goodlier where they glance.

There is Adam Lindsay Gordon, but there is Masefield too. There are "True Thomas" and "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas." There is most of "The Rubaiyat," and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." When we come to "The Lighter Side," we naturally have Barham, but it is more extraordinary to find "The Jumblies," and such an anonymous fragment as this:

> BIRDS, BAGS, BEARS, AND BUNS
>
> The common cormorant or shag
> Lays eggs inside a paper bag.
> The reason you will see no doubt,
> It is to keep the lightning out,
> But what these unobservant birds
> Have never noticed is that herds
> Of wandering bears may come with buns
> And steal the bags to hold the crumbs.

The bad final rhyme is simply a grace note—for the thing is miraculous!

Here is no uncritical lover of Kipling, either, for James Kenneth Stephen's famous arraignment of him and Rider Haggard is included. And another interesting note relates that Browning's "Muckle-Mouth Meg" was the first of this poet that Wavell ever read. He tells us that the captured lord was William Scott of Harden, an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott; the laird was Sir John Murray of Elibank. "Browning has made a romance of what actually seems to have been a

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purely business transaction." Yes, Wavell's notes could not have been spared!

Toward the end, in "Ragbag," are given merely snippets of poems, a practice of which I cannot altogether approve, but nevertheless it is interesting to find among them these lines by our own Alice Duer Miller, from "The White Cliffs:"

I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead
I do not wish to live.

In "Last Post" are these lines from Housman, more heart-striking than many a long lament:

Here dead lie we because we did not choose
To live and shame the land from which we sprung.
Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;
But young men think it is, and we were young.

The compiler of this anthology is now Viceroy of India, with the weight of that whole great problem upon his shoulders. But if India must have a Viceroy, I am glad it is such a man as this. To regard the selection of these poems, to read the notes, to ponder them, is to make the acquaintance of a man of singular fineness and humor; one you would like for a friend; one who knows, and loves, much of the best poetry written in the English tongue; and, as the book's last poem proves, one who can write it.

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How to Wind Up

BIOGRAPHICAL ROUNDUP. By Dale Carnegie. New York: Greenberg. 1945. 233 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

DALE CARNEGIE is best known as the author of a treatise on magic entitled "How to Win Friends and Influence People," a book which somehow escaped the index and was widely read some years ago. In the intervening years only the normal number of people has been successful, and few men have had more friends than they needed.

At any rate, Mr. Carnegie has written another book, something of a sequel to his *magnum opus,* something of a *non sequitur,* since it describes the careers of forty successful men, none of whom owes his position in the world to a reading of the book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People." That, of course, is due to the fact that these gentlemen were well on their way to fame and fortune before the book of instruction was published.

Mr. Carnegie is entirely democratic in the selection of his subjects. He ranges all the way from George Bernard Shaw to Bob Hope and Dorothy Dix. He includes Irving Berlin and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Connie Mack and Bernard Baruch, John Barrymore and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Lowell Thomas and the Wright brothers. It pleases Mr. Carnegie to discover in the life of each of these a small incident, a chance happening, which proved to be the turning point, the spot at which the child of destiny turned from the path leading nowhere and set foot solidly on the high road to adventure and greatness. Why the chance incident so affected the person he does not say.

A good deal of the information set forth has been bandied about in newspaper columns, magazine articles, press releases, etc. A good deal of it has not, and this fresh information is readable and interesting. Mr. Carnegie's prose is also a thing to be watched. Mr. Carnegie's knowledge is also unique. He says that Mussolini "remained incredibly ignorant and superstitious," and as proof cites the fact that the Duce believed that "the moon has a profound effect upon human destiny." One thing he does for his subjects is bound to please them. He translates their earnings into portions of a million dollars. A Carnegie hero does not make $200,000. He makes a fifth of a million. By that token we are all millionaires and the Carnegie system of success has succeeded, a fact everyone will be glad to know.

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Were, Are, Will Be

TAKE THREE TENSES: A Fugue in Time. By Rumer Godden. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 252 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

"TAKE three tenses . . . past, present and future."

"Must I?" says little Roly.

"Yes, you must," says Selina. "Even a little boy like you has a past, a present and a future. You were a baby, you are a boy, you will be a man."

"But I *am* always here, Lena. Like they say at school, Present. I am always present, so why not only one?"

Little Roly's logic strikes the keynote of Miss Godden's fugue in time. In this extraordinary novel—really an experiment in technique—she tells the story of a London family and a London house over a period of some hundred years. The technique is that of the fugue, and a sentence describing Bach's fugues, written by Lawrence Abbott, introduces the book: "Two, three or four simultaneous melodies which are constantly on the move, each going its own independent way. . . . Often chords are incomplete; only two tones are sounded so that one's imagination has to fill in the missing third tone."

The story begins with the present head of the Family, General Sir Roland Ironmonger Dane, K.C.B., D.S.O., the only surviving direct descendant, who has just been informed by his solicitor that the ninety-nine-year-lease of No. 99 Wiltshire Place will expire in a few weeks and that the present owners do not wish to renew. But this is unthinkable, impossible. The House and the Family possess each other; they are inextricably one. In the House the past is present.

Alone in his study, Sir Rolls is aware of the life of the House. Through his memory march a procession of figures—his mother, Griselda, his father, nicknamed "The Eye" because he seemed to possess the faculty of seeing and knowing everything, his sister Selina who on his mother's death assumed the responsibility of rearing the younger children, Lark, the orphan whom his father installed in the household against Selina's wishes and whom Selina hated and persecuted—Lark, who was Rolls's love and whom he lost through his own weakness and indecision, Lark who became the Marchesa Zacca del Laudi and who died in Italy years later without ever coming back to the House. Mysteriously though, she is there now. In this curious Present tense which embraces the past and the future, as in a fixed landscape of the mind, she is there, with Roly who became Roland and then Sir Rolls the old man, retired from the Army and embittered by the knowledge that his life has never really been his own. There, too, are all the children who grew up and left the House, the brother who went to America, the succession of butlers and cooks and charwomen.

Only by the deftest sort of treatment could this escape confusion. But with really consummate artistry Miss Godden manages her separate themes, major and minor, keeping them all distinct though they impinge upon the ear at once. To use another figure, she sets a stage where various action takes place simultaneously, on different levels, so that the eye goes from one to another abruptly but without confusion, seeing them separate and yet seeing how they interweave and interrelate to the whole.

When Grizel, the granddaughter of Sir Rolls's brother Pelham, comes to London with the American Ambulance Force and stays at the House, she feels that she has come home. And when Pax, Lark's nephew, arrives and they fall in love, the reader knows that the Family is not to be dispossessed.

In less expert hands, such a story might seem to have too much sheer fantasy, too much artifice. That it has not is a tribute to Miss Godden's subtle and beautiful style, to her vivid characterization, to the magic quality of undertone and overtone and the emotional power which pervades the book. "Take Three Tenses" further establishes its author as one of the most individual and distinguished of contemporary writers.

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the Phoenix Nest

DEDICATION

(Being a transcript of the remarks of Henry J. Folsom, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Assessors, and Overseers of Poor of the Town of Port Starboard, Maine, at the unveiling of the Town Honor Roll October 5, 1944.)

HERE is a sign; an ordinary sign
Bearing a list of ordinary names
Of ordinary people: Bill and Joe
And May and Frank and Ed and Carolyn.
Not long ago we met them every day
About the street, in stores or at the movies.
Salesmen. House painters. Clerks, Stenographers.
Youngsters in high school, wondering now and then
Whether to go to work next year, or college.
Well, well. That doubt is now resolved for them.

. . . An ordinary sign; not struck from gold
Or precious substance, as perhaps it should be,
But made of common wood and paint and iron
By ordinary folk in no way different
From you or me or those whose names appear
Upon this plain—this ordinary sign.

Nevertheless this sign has that about it
Which rates it somewhat more than ordinary. . . .
Look at a hill upon a cloudy day
And it is but a hill. View it again
Under the glow of an October sunset
And say again you only see a hill.
So too a school—a church—a city hall
(In spite of things that may be done at times
By those who use them) has an inner essence
That somehow makes it into something other
Than a mere bulk of senseless steel and stone.
What is that essence? What imagined light
From what invisible star has wrought the change
That thus transfigures plainness into glory?
What sage can say? What poet? What musician?
What teacher or philosopher or pundit?
Why, all the wise men who have ever lived
Through all the years of human history
Have spent their genius trying to define it
And they have failed. They see it, hear it, feel it.
It fills their poems and their symphonies.
With it, their words are touched with whitest magic;
Without it, empty sound, better forgotten.
And yet they cannot tell us what it is.

If they cannot, how shall these boys and girls
Unskilled in words?—though now they risk their lives
That it may never pass away from earth.
Ask them to try and they will only squirm
In mute embarrassment or stammer out
Some vague unmeaning murmur: "Oh—well—heck—!"
Yet stammering thus, define it full as well
As all the poets, sages and philosophers
In all the works they ever have turned out.

We do not know, then, what that essence is.
Perhaps we never shall. It is enough
To know it for the fuel that impels
The human heart to seek a higher goal
Than can be reached by mortal sight and thought;
That makes the common fabric of this sign
More than mere human hands could ever make it
Though human hands have made it what it is.
It needs no more to hush each raucous brawler
Who may pass by this spot. It keeps this sign,
Alone in all the village, clean, unscarred
By the irreverent pebbles of small boys;
The thing that adds the glow of timeless beauty
To every shining name upon this roll.

An ordinary sign? No. No, not quite.

BARON IRELAND.

Anthony W. Urban, 1110 Jefferson Street, Toledo 2, Ohio, has a problem. He wants a copy of a poem published in 1944. "It deals with the Common Man (whom no one admits to being), and if my memory does not fail on this small point the poem is so titled. I felt that the poem appeared in *SRL* or *New Yorker*, and had the Library in this city check. No luck. Again it may have appeared in one of the liberal political reviews. Perhaps you or one of the readers of The Nest will be able to send me the name and date of the periodical containing this poem."

The following is from W. C. Rose of Ashland, Massachusetts:

ATOMS, ELECTRONS, PROTONS, NEUTRONS, NEUTRINOS.

Will you speak a little louder? said the blind man to the dumb.
There's a hollow in the plenum, and I cannot work the sum.
Will you look a little further? said the dumb man to the blind.
There is ether in the void, but it is far too far behind.
Cried the blind and dumb together, now who shall tell us whether
There is movement of the stillness, though we find it hard to find.

Ralph Fordon of Detroit, Michigan, asks me whether I have ever examined a book called "The Forgotten Man's Almanac," published by the Yale University Press. No, I regret to say, that this is the first I have heard of it.

August Derleth of Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, sends me the following items of interest:

> So tardy are the mails these days, that it was only today that I saw your good notice of Arkham House and H. P. Lovecraft in the issue for last week. I thought you might like to know two related factors. A popular Lovecraft *is* in press. World Publishing Company are doing in a Tower book ($.49, cloth bound) "Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft," selected and with an introduction by me; this is down for April 5th. The stories are not all the best, but only as many as could be got into such a book; most of the best are there, however. There is also now in press an Armed Services Lovecraft selection. Secondly, I have bought American book rights to the four novels of William Hope Hodgson ("The House on the Borderland," "The Boats of the *Glen Carrig*," "The Ghost Pirates," "The Night Land"), and Arkham

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House will do them in an omnibus volume next year under the general title of "The House on the Borderland and Other Novels." . . . I am beginning this year a second publishing house for off-trail detective stories, preferably in the short form. My house will be called, appropriately (I hope), Mycroft & Moran, and the first title will be a feeler and loss-leader, one of my own, "In Re: Sherlock Holmes," a book of pastiches with an introduction by Vincent Starrett. Next year's book will be Hodgson's "Carnacki, the Ghost-Finder"; and after that "Prince Zaleski" (with "Cummings King Monk"), by M. P. Shiel.

Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska have completed their "A History of American Poetry, 1900-1940." Harcourt, Brace will publish it this month. I thank Stephen P. Ryan of New Orleans, Louisiana, for his recommending of the death of Arthur Symons for mention, which mention I made last week. *Experiment,* a New Quarterly of Poetry, awarded their prize to Claire Burch, aged twenty, of Brooklyn, for a poem to her husband who is a soldier overseas. The editor, Norman A. Brittin, writes me:

> I was glad to see your remarks about the League for Sanity in Poetry. This League appears not to be as fanatical as I had feared it might be, but it seems to me rather silly, for I can't conceive that its sort of coercion from the critical and editorial side can have any pronounced effect on those who are seriously creating poetry, even on those who would be thought "queer" by most of us. And really, a bit of insanity is probably a good part of a poet's equipment. I'd bet on insanity to show something fresh, "original," "natural," but I think sanity would be likely, from its fear of any wildness, to push poetry in the direction of the dull, timid, and respectable.

That is just what it would do! And, as Mr. Brittin says, William Blake and Christopher Smart were both reputed insane. I may add that Coleridge and Francis Thompson both took dope. Lionel Johnson was killed falling off a stool in a pub. Ernest Dowson was certainly not normal. Robin Greene died at thirty-two of "a surfeit of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine." Chatterton alternated between fits of violent drunkenness and violent remorse. Crabbe became addicted to opium. Burns drank to excess. Poe was born to the bottle. Rossetti took laudanam. "When Blake was four, God put his forehead down to the window and set him screaming." (Also I once wrote a poem called "Mad Blake" in which I expressed the wish that I might be as mad.) Lord Byron was a good deal like Manfred. Swinburne was so nervous that several times he smashed his own imaged face in a mirror. In his middle forties the bucolic poet, John Clare, lost his reason. And so on!

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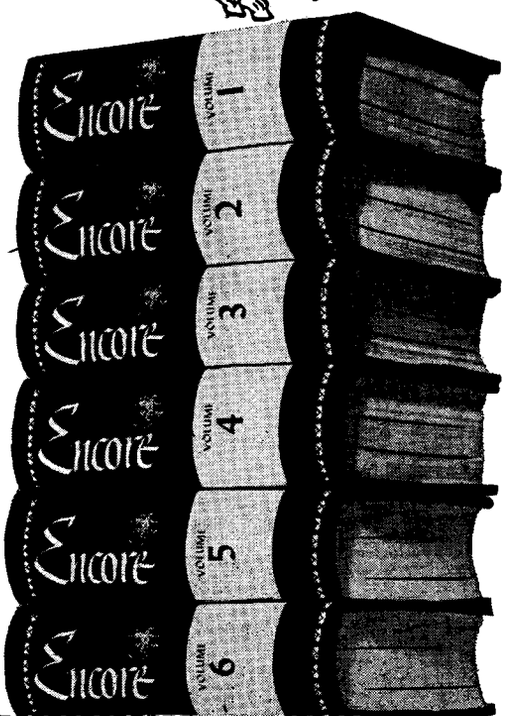

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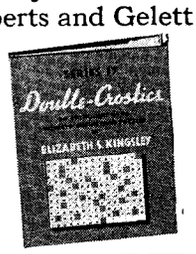

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

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DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 577

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 64 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Hocked; crippled; disabled.

B. Builder of the *Robert Fulton*, first steamship from N. Y. to New Orleans, etc. (1822).

C. English-born American botanist and ornithologist (1786-1859).

D. Plump.

E. Wife of Gorlois and mother of Arthur by Uther (Tennyson sp.)

F. Genus of the gizzard shad of central and eastern N. A.

G. Scottish physician and writer, friend of Swift, Pope, etc. (1667-1735).

H. Striped longitudinally (Bot. and Zoöl.)

I. God of learning and of physicians (Egypt. Relig.)

J. Shepherdess in "A Winter's Tale."

K. Pegs or pins of wood or metal.

L. Random; happy-go-lucky (Comp.)

M. Musical comedy, winner of Pulitzer Prize in 1932 (4 wds.)

N. One who naps cloth by hand (Hist.)

O. Cannibalism within the family or tribe (Anthropol.)

P. The vocation of Dighton and Forrest in "Richard III."

Q. Without speech.

R. Exclamatory phrase used in calling or hailing (2 wds.)

S. Daughter of Leto and Zeus (Gr. Myth.)

T. Valet of Don Giovanni (Mozart).

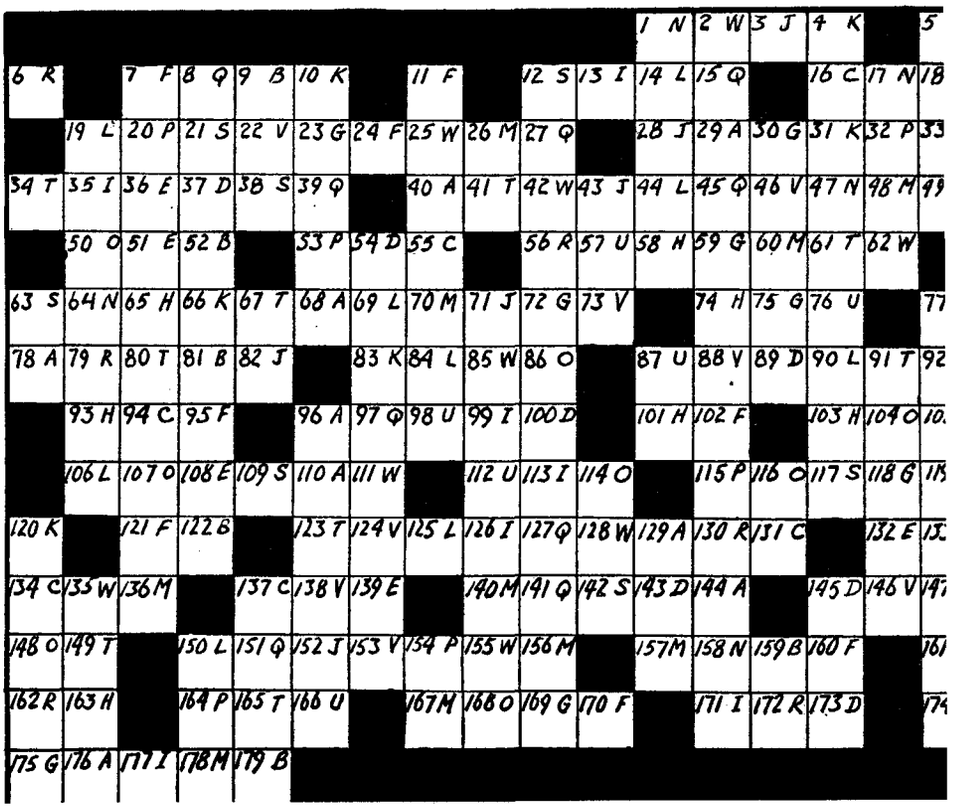
U. Friend to Antony ("Antony and Cleopatra").

V. Wife of Frederick the Great of Prussia.

W. Fine brown-glazed stoneware of 18th cent. (Named for mfg. city, Eng.)

WORDS

29	68	176	144	40	78	129	110	96
105	9	81	122	159	179	52		
94	134	137	161	16	55	131		
89	37	145	54	173	143	100		
132	36	139	108	51	18			
95	121	24	102	7	170	160	11	
5	30	118	175	59	75	72	23	169
65	58	103	74	93	101	163		
13	177	113	35	171	99	126		
43	71	152	28	3	82			
4	10	31	120	66	83			
19	84	69	90	125	14	44	150	106
33	157	60	136	178	26	70	156	167	48	1
158	47	1	64	17				
114	168	148	133	107	104	50	86	116
53	115	164	154	174	92	20	32	
8	45	151	15	141	97	127	39	27
56	162	130	6	172	79			
142	63	12	38	117	109	21		
34	61	123	165	41	149	67	91	80
166	76	57	87	98	112	147	49	
153	146	46	73	88	77	124	22	138
85	119	135	128	25	62	111	2	42	155



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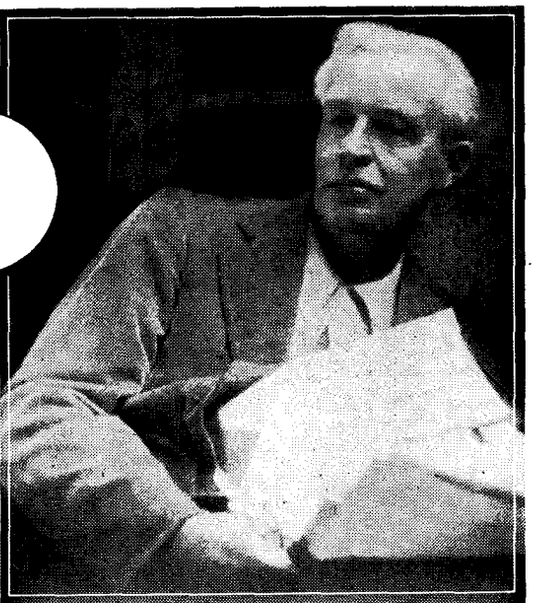
T. M. Cleland



WHO'S WHO tells us that Thomas Maitland Cleland was born in Brooklyn in 1880. But he is much more at home in the eighteenth century than in Brooklyn; a statement which, it is hoped, will not arouse the residents of that borough to violence. It is possible that T. M. Cleland has re-created the atmosphere and flavor of the romantic eighteenth century as no artist since that time has done.

He has illustrated very few books, although the two-volume edition of *Tristram Shandy* which was distributed to the members of The Limited Editions Club, and for which Cleland made over sixty drawings, is sometimes called by connoisseurs one of the "great illustrated books" of this century. He has put eighteenth century settings into paintings and color drawings, many of them made for advertisers, reproductions of which are in homes, and in the studios of other artists, from coast to coast. He is often called "an artist's artist."

But he is called other things besides.

In forty-five years of professional activity, he has achieved three or four distinct reputations. T. M. Cleland is known to many as the foremost decorative designer in America; to others, as a great printer; to still others, as a great typographer; while many members of The Limited Editions Club think of him only as their favorite illustrator.

Cleland prefers to call himself simply an artist; but, if he must choose any more specific category in which to be enshrined in the public mind, he says it will be that of illustrator.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE as an illustrator goes back to the beginning of the century, when he redesigned the then popular *McClure's Magazine* and became its art editor. He did much to encourage higher artistic standards among the illustrators to whom he gave commissions, but his exactions were such that their work was often delayed.

On one occasion, an artist failed to turn in the pictures for a story before the deadline. The forms were made up and the spaces for the pictures had to be filled. Cleland worked for twenty-six hours without stopping—the magazine went to press on time with the story illustrated by its art editor, under an assumed name he still refuses to divulge.

Cleland's association with books goes back to the first year of The Limited Editions Club when he designed and decorated that edition of *The Decameron* which is still one of its most treasured volumes. His first illustrated book was the two-volume *Tristram Shandy*. This was followed in 1943 by Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, with illustrations colored by hand through stencils. Both are among those which have advanced farthest in price and are most difficult to find in the rare book market.

WHO'S WHO states that Thomas Maitland Cleland was educated in the New York City public schools; and then cites the various medals and awards he has received. He quit public school at the age of fourteen.

At the age of sixteen he was to be found setting type and operating presses in a small job printing plant, turning out circulars and booklets of his own design which he decorated and illustrated. Here he learned the rudiments and laid the foundation of that intimate knowledge of all the technicalities of printing and reproductive processes which he believes to be essential to an artist whose work is made to be printed. The first printing plant of his own was in the cellar of his father's house where he printed two tiny books and other things, with illustrations of his own.

At the age of twenty he designed a type and type ornaments, still sold and in wide use both here and abroad. With the thousand dollars he received for more than a year's work on this—more money than he had ever seen at one time in his life—he made his first voyage to Italy. There, he believes, his real education began.

After a brief career in the army in World War I, Cleland decided to abandon once and for all the business of doing his own printing and devote himself exclusively to design, illustration and painting. In 1929, a handsome volume entitled *The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland* was published.

THE PAINSTAKING CRAFTSMANSHIP and disciplined effort that invariably lie behind what appears to be easy and graceful accomplishment, have inevitably curtailed the volume of Cleland's work as an illustrator. Though he works longer hours than most men, and scorns holidays and vacations, his craving for perfection often causes groans and headaches to his publishers and other clients. "I know," he admits, "that my patience is a great trial to other people's!"

He is now at work upon a series of decorations for an edition of *Montaigne's Essays* which he is designing for George Macy to publish; and then he is scheduled to embark upon the most ambitious job of illustration of his life, a commission recently given him by George Macy to make a long series of drawings in color to illustrate *Tom Jones*.

THE FOUR SEASONS

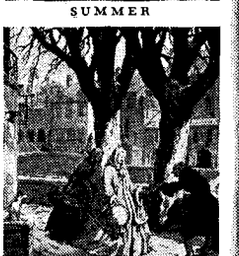
in an eighteenth century French town

PAINTINGS BY T. M. CLELAND

SPRING

SUMMER

AUTUMN



WINTER

Special Announcement

ABOVE are thumb-nail approximations of four paintings by T. M. Cleland. The Heritage Press is going to make facsimile prints of these paintings, full-size: one foot by one foot. They will be mounted and masked and signed by Mr. Cleland. Come Christmas, they will be on sale for $5.00 each. However, we want now to build a list of people who are interested in his work. THEREFORE—If you will fill out the coupon below, we will send you a portfolio containing ALL FOUR PRINTS, ONLY $7.50! The number will be limited to those who make reservations NOW:

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